



No. 25

10¢

TIM HOLT

WITH TIM AS RED MASK!



TIM HOLT

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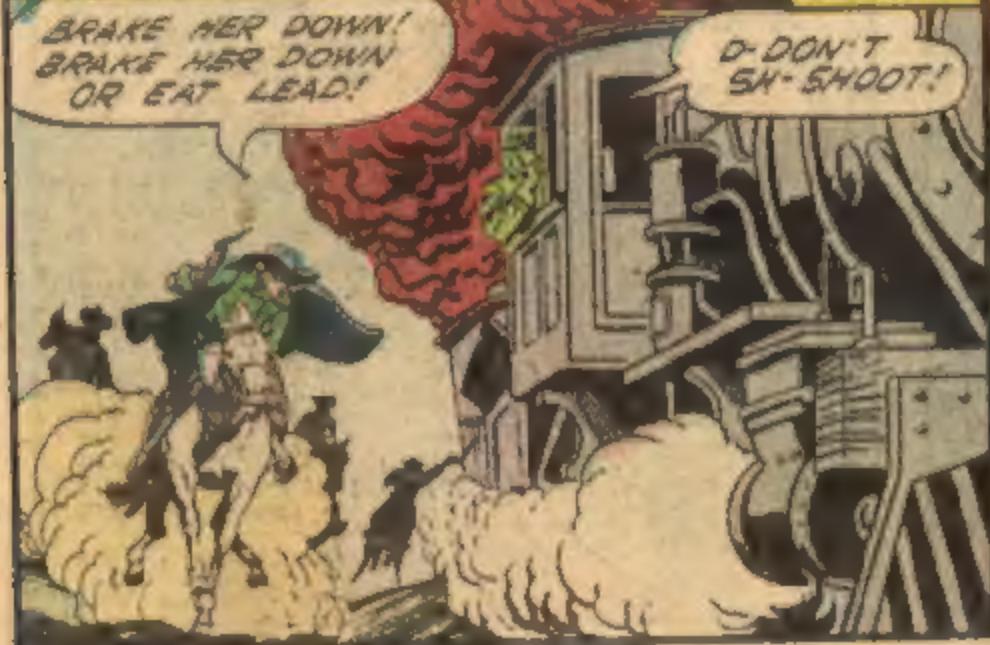
BLACK AS THE NIGHT ITSELF, WITH A LAUGH ON HER LIPS AND A GREEDY CLUTCH TO HER FINGERS, SHE CAME RIDING OUT OF THE ARIZONA DUST. AS DEADLY A SHOT AS ANNIE OAKLEY AS DARING AS BUTCH CASSIDY WITH HIS WILD BUNCH, SHE RODE A LONG TRAIL UNTIL FATE THREW REDMASK ACROSS HER PATH!

AND WHEN REDMASK TANGLED WITH THIS GIRL RIDER OF THE SAGELANDS AND WITH THE BRUTAL BEAST WHO SERVED HER WITH A BLACKSNAKE WHIP — THERE WAS NONE TO RESCUE HIM FROM THE WHIRLPOOL DOOM OF THE DEATH WELL! IT LAY BETWEEN

**"REDMASK-
and THE BLACK PHANTOM!"**



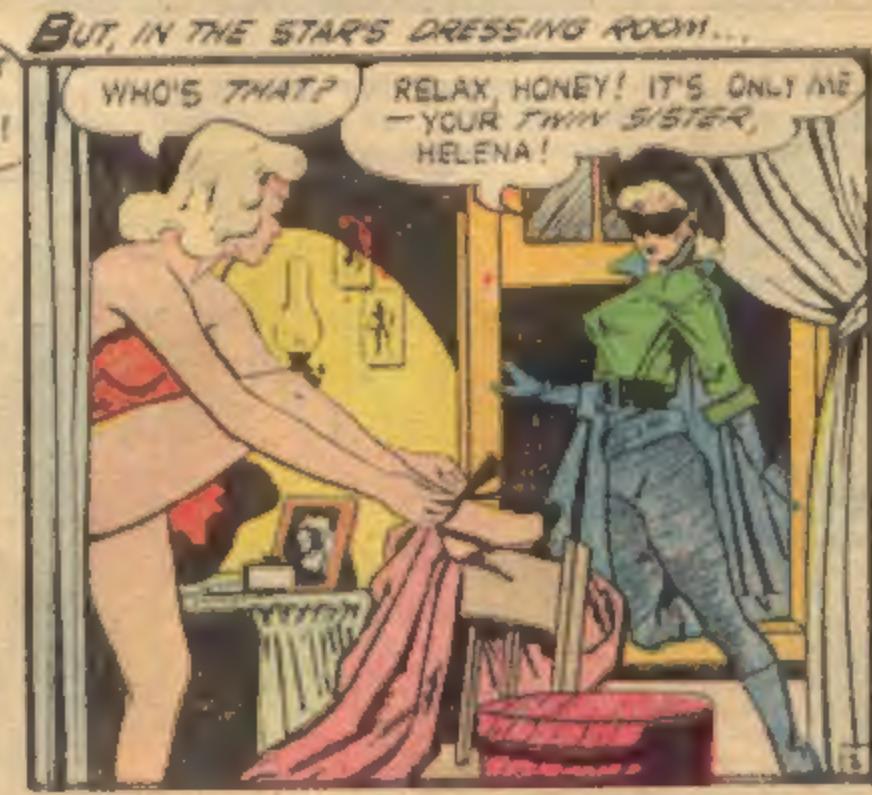
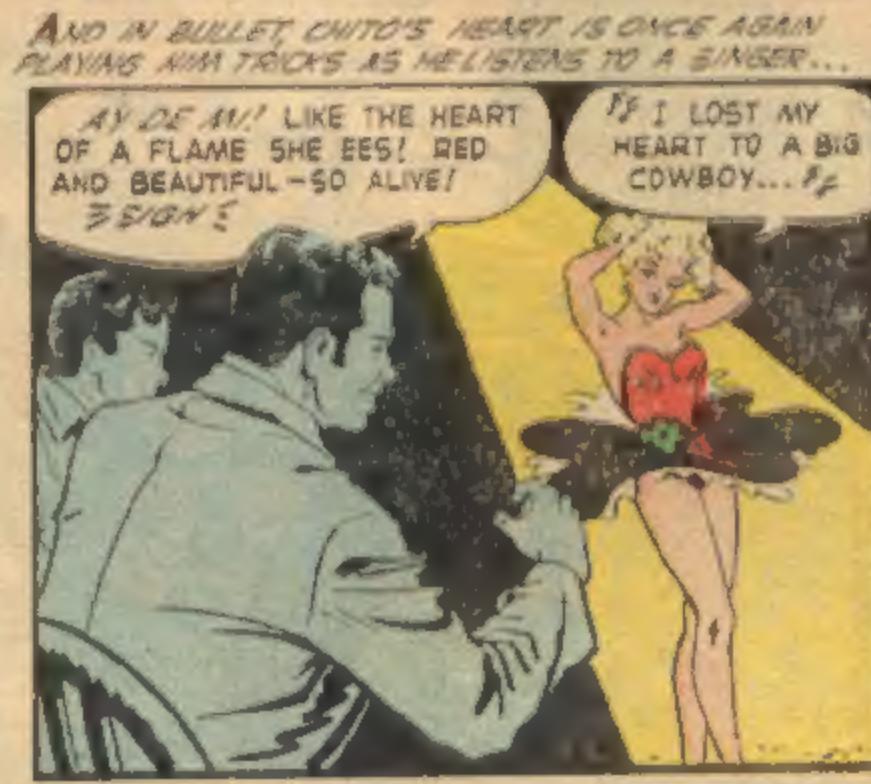
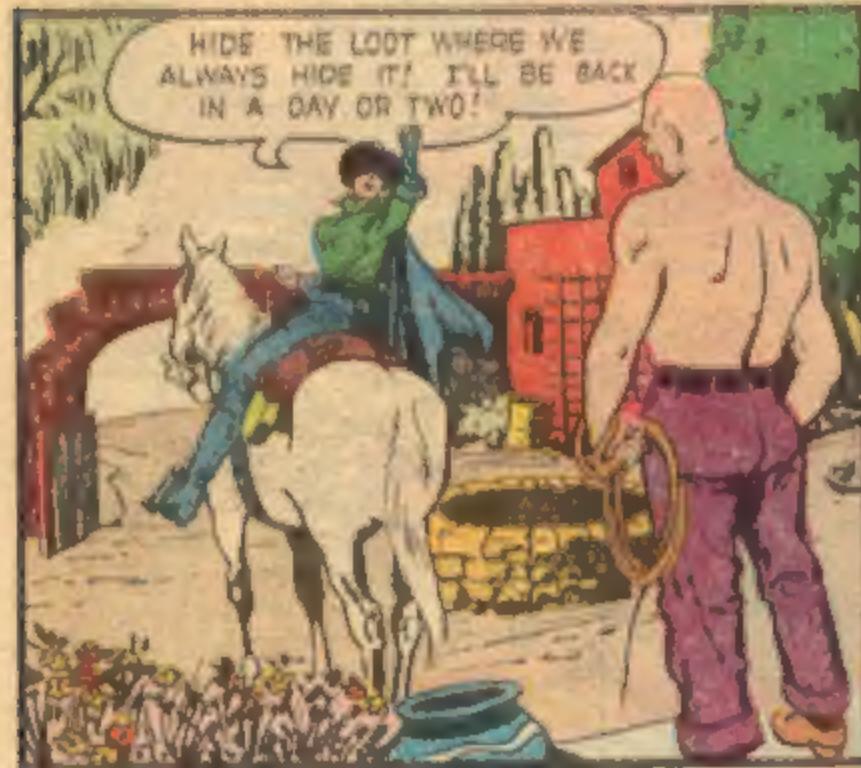
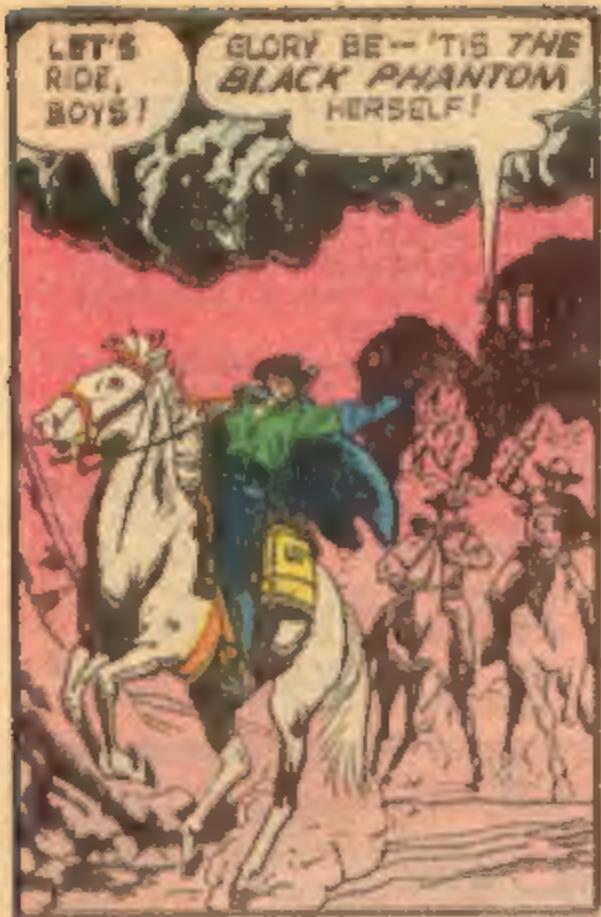
LIKE THE WIND THAT SWEEPED THE PLAINS SHE RODE, THE BLACK PHANTOM STRUCK AT STAGECOACH AND TRAIN ALIKE...



THE GOLD'S IN THE BAGGAGE CAR, BOYS! GO GET IT!



TIM HOLT



TIM HOLT



HELENA IS NOT THE BLACK PHANTOM FOR NOTHING! ONE HAND DARTS TO CHITO'S WRIST! A SHAPELY ANKLE LOOKS BEHIND HIS LEG— AND ONE SECOND LATER....!



TIM HOLT

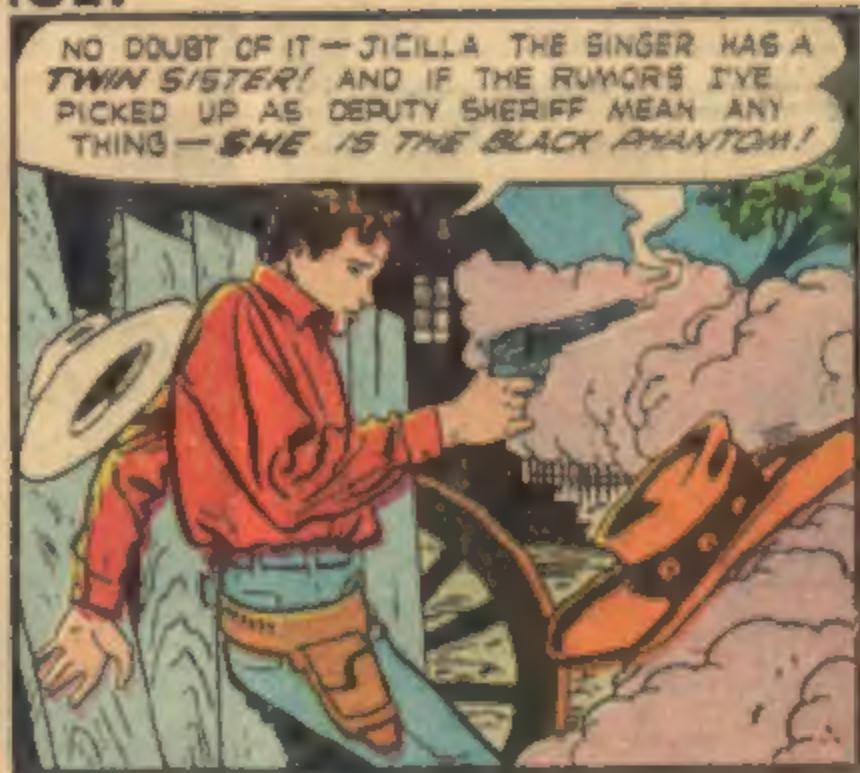
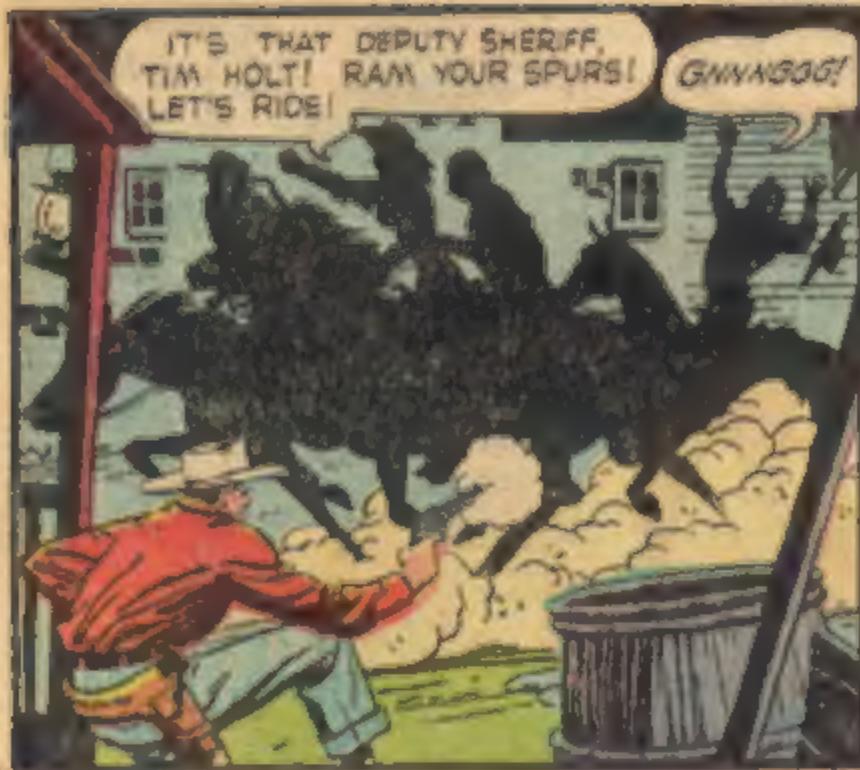
POOR CHITO! LIFE CAN BE AWFULLY PUZZLING AT TIMES. WHEN HE COMES TO—IT IS THE SINGER WHO BEPENDS ABOVE HIM...



ONCE AGAIN FATE PULLS THE WRONG STRINGS. SOME HOURS LATER, AS CHITO ENTERS JICILLA'S HOTEL ROOM—



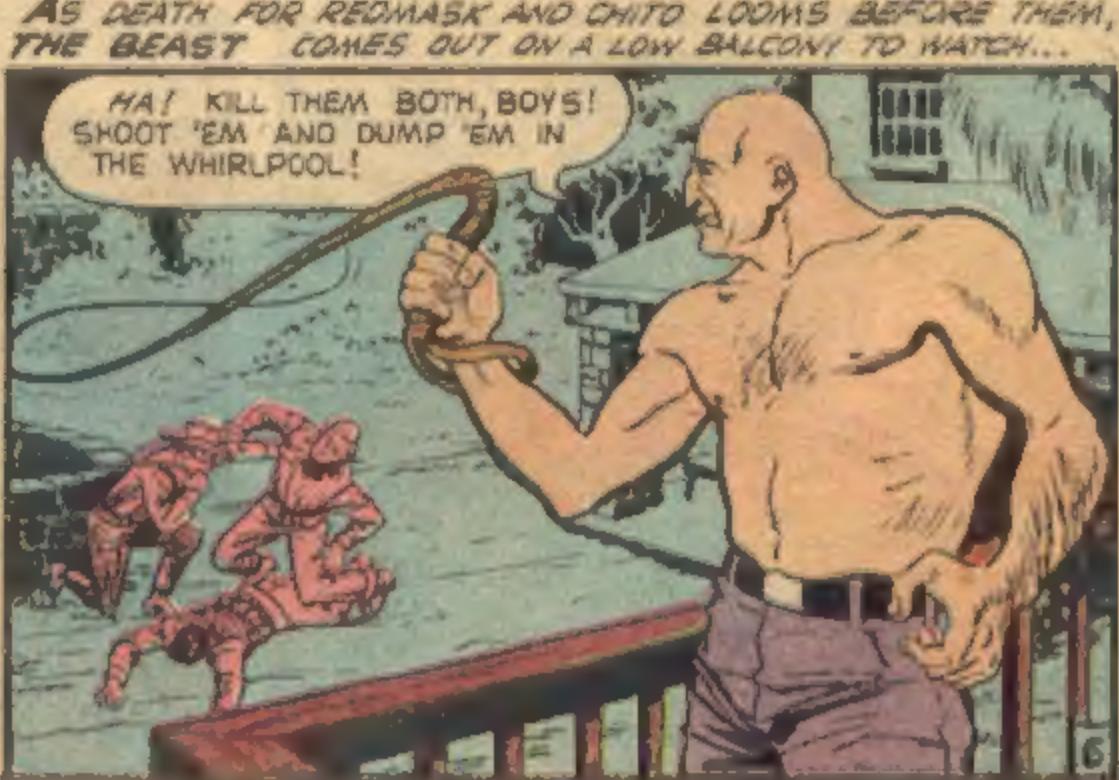
TIM HOLT



AFTER A CIRCLING RIDE TO PICK UP THE HOOFMARKS OF THE BLACK PHANTOM AND HER EVIL CREW, REDMASK FOLLOWS THEM TO THE RUINED HACIENDA...

CHITO BEING PUSHED INTO A WELL! AND THAT'S THE OLD WHIRLING WELL — A NATURAL WHIRLPOOL THAT SUCKS DOWN WHATEVER IS TOSSED INTO IT — TO A WATERY GRAVE....





TOM HOLT

REDMASK CANNOT LET GO OF THE ROPE TO USE HIS HANDS TO DEFEND HIMSELF—BUT HE CAN DROP TO HIS KNEES....

THEY'RE RUNNING SO FAST THEY CAN'T STOP IN TIME!

AAGGGH!



AND THEN THE BEAST'S CRACKLING WHIP CRACKS DOWN ON REDMASK! IT STINGS AND CUTS...

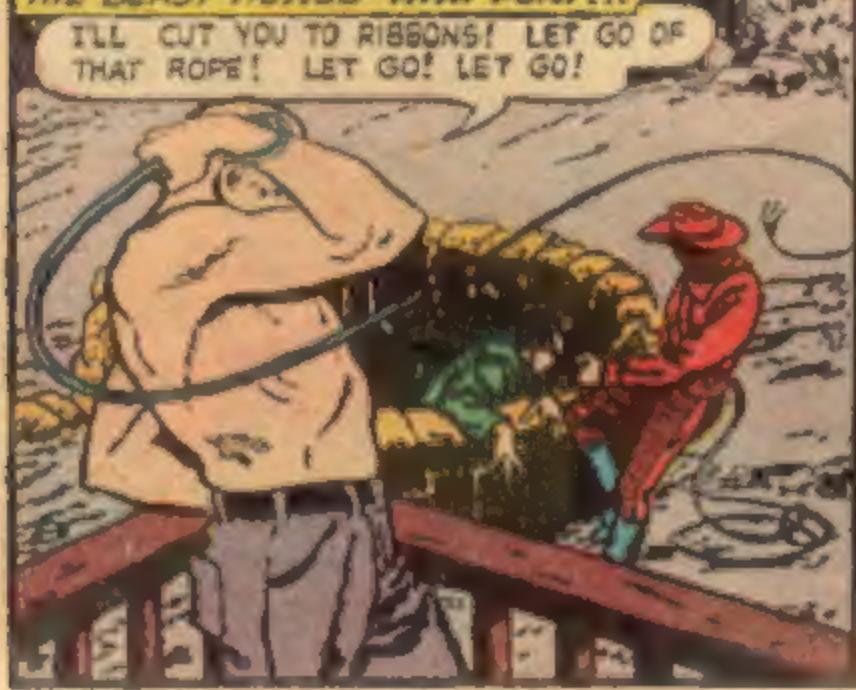


WITH PAIN SEARING HIS BODY FROM THE PUNISHING WHIP, REDMASK STARS BLINDLY IN MADNESS FOR THE ROPE END...



AS REDMASK GRIMLY DRAGS CHITO UPWARD, THE BEAST HOWLS WITH FURY...

I'LL CUT YOU TO RIBBONS! LET GO OF THAT ROPE! LET GO! LET GO!



CHITO'S SAFE! NOW FOR THE MAN WITH THE WHIP!





WITH A DESPAIRING CRY THE BLACK PHANTOM CHOOSES DEATH TO A CERTAIN JAIL TERM.



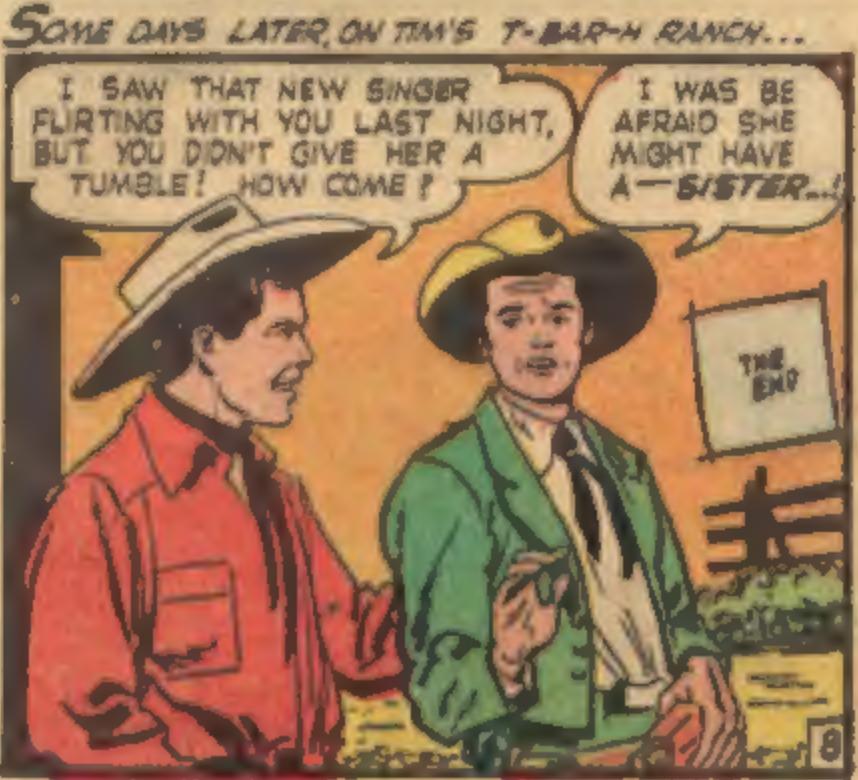
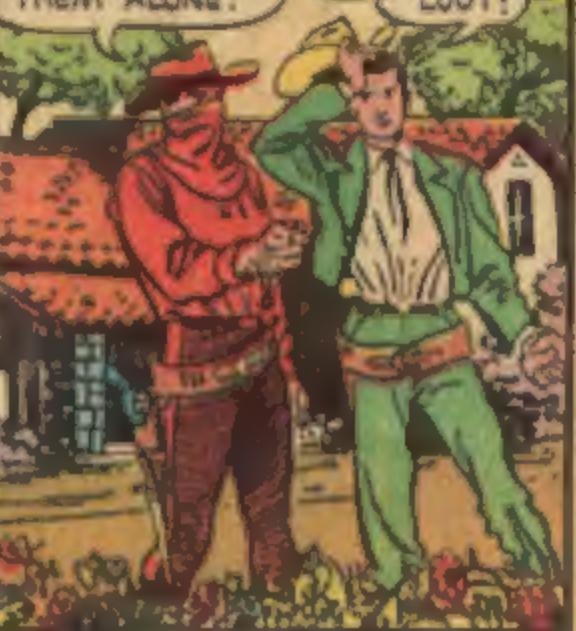
EGULPE FET WAS TOO BADLY! SHE WAS BAD GIRL — BUT SHE WAS VERY PRETTY!

WHAT WE MUST FIND OUT NOW IS — THE LOOT SHE CAPTURED FROM HER MANY ROBBERIES! WHERE CAN WE LOOK?



AFTER TWO HOURS OF STEADY SEARCHING, DAWN LIGHTS THE SKY...

LOOK, CHITO — THOSE SICKLY PLANTS OVER THERE! YOU'LL NOTICE THE INSECTS AND RODENTS LEAVE THEM ALONE!



TIM HOLT

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WHEN YOUNG FRED CORLISS
RODE INTO THE TOWN OF
BULLET WITH TWO GUNS BOP-
BANG ON HIS HIPS AND A SNEER
TWISTING HIS LIPS — TROUBLE
SAT ON HIS SHOULDERS AND
LAUGHED! FOR FRED CORLISS
HAD A DEVIL IN 'IM, BUT HIS
THREE OLDER BROTHERS WERE
EVEN WORSE, AND THEY ALL
MADE A VOW

DEATH
TO THE
DEPUTY



THE CORLISS BROTHERS WERE WANTED FOR
EVERY CRIME IN THE BOOKS — ROBBERY

AND MURDER



TIM HOLT

THESE ARE THE BROTHERS BILL, THE OLDEST WHOSE FAVORITE WEAPON IS A RIFLE — HAL, WHO THROWS A KNIFE LIKE AN AXE — BERT, WHO LIVES A HAPPIER LIFE AS A GENT FRED — RED



THE THREE OLDER BROTHERS ARE CONTENT TO RIDE THE HILLS BUT FRED IS RESTLESS

THE BROTHERS CAN GET SO HEAVY IN THE SUMMER BUT IT'S NOT THE FUN AS IT USED TO BE



AND HE LOVES TO DRINK



FRED COULD HAS HIMSELF DRUNK WHICH IS ALL RIGHT IF HE WOULD ONLY STOP AT THAT.

WAHOO! DRINKS ARE ON ME! SET 'EM UP BURKE!



BUT FRED HAS ALERT EYES



TIM! YOU'RE DEAD! I DON'T WANT TO ONE JUST KIDDING THE OLD BONES



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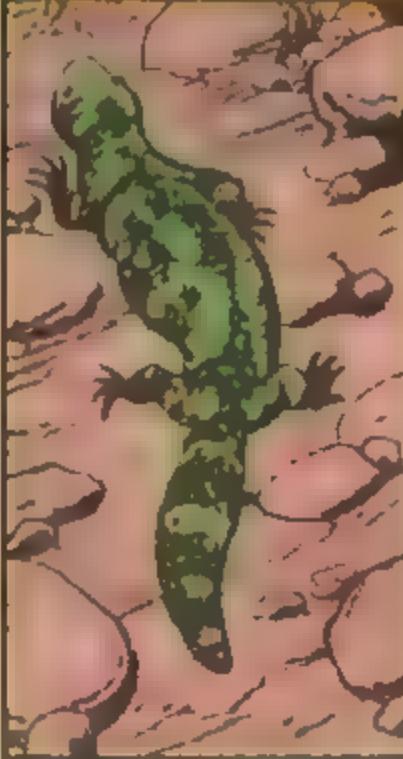
TIM HOLT

A FEW NIGHTS LATER

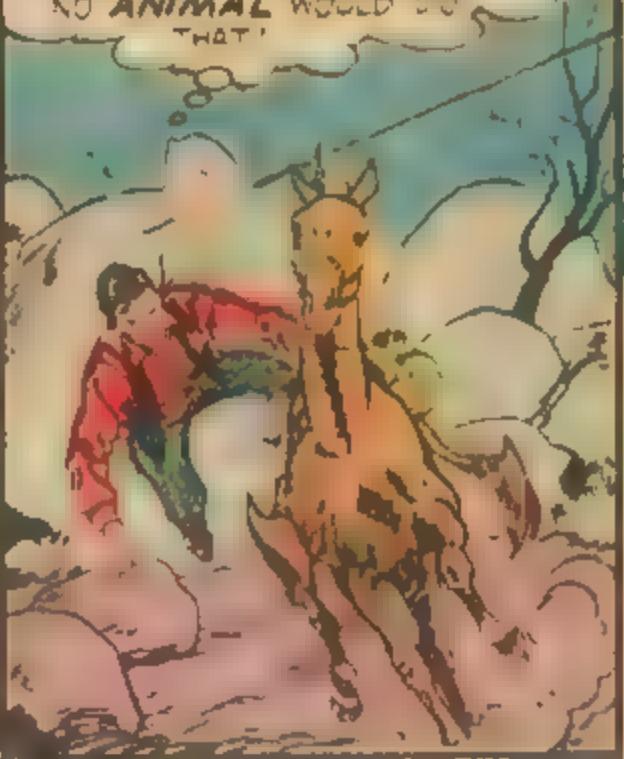
HERE COMES HOLT NOW - WITH
THE PAYROLL FOR HIS RANCH.
I GOT A GOOD BEAD ON HIM!



AT THAT MOMENT THE
STARTLED HISSE OF A
GLA MONSTER BREAKS
THE NIGHT'S SILENCE...



THAT GLA MONSTER UP IN THE
ROCKS SAVED MY LIFE! THEY
NEVER HISSE UNLESS SOMETHING
DISTURBS THEM - AND I KNEW
NO ANIMAL WOULD DO
THAT!

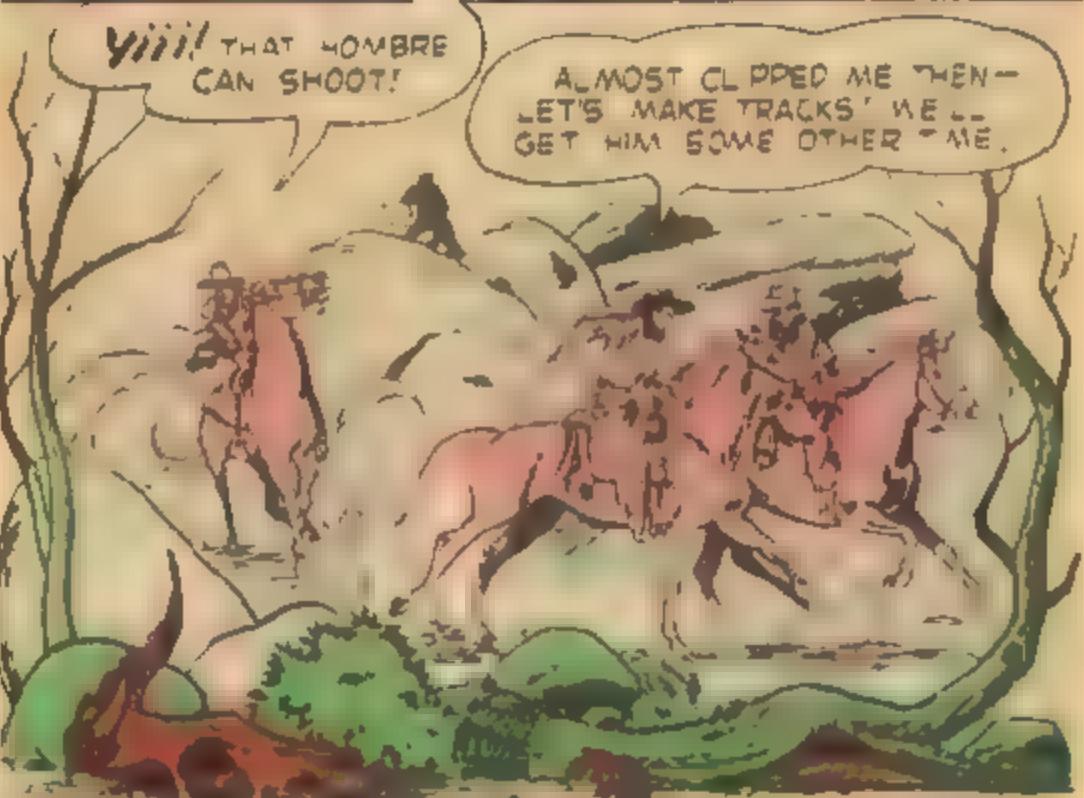


THREE MEN! I'VE BEEN
WARNED THAT THE CORLISS
BROTHERS WOULD BE
GUNNING FOR ME! I GUESS
THEY'VE ARRIVED!



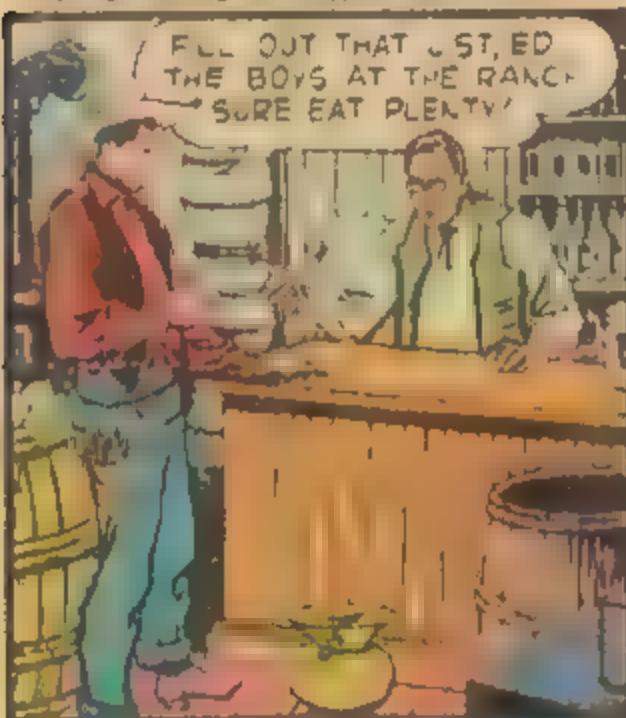
Yeee! THAT HOMBRE
CAN SHOOT!

ALMOST CLAPPED ME THEN -
LET'S MAKE TRACKS! WE
GET HIM SOME OTHER - ME.

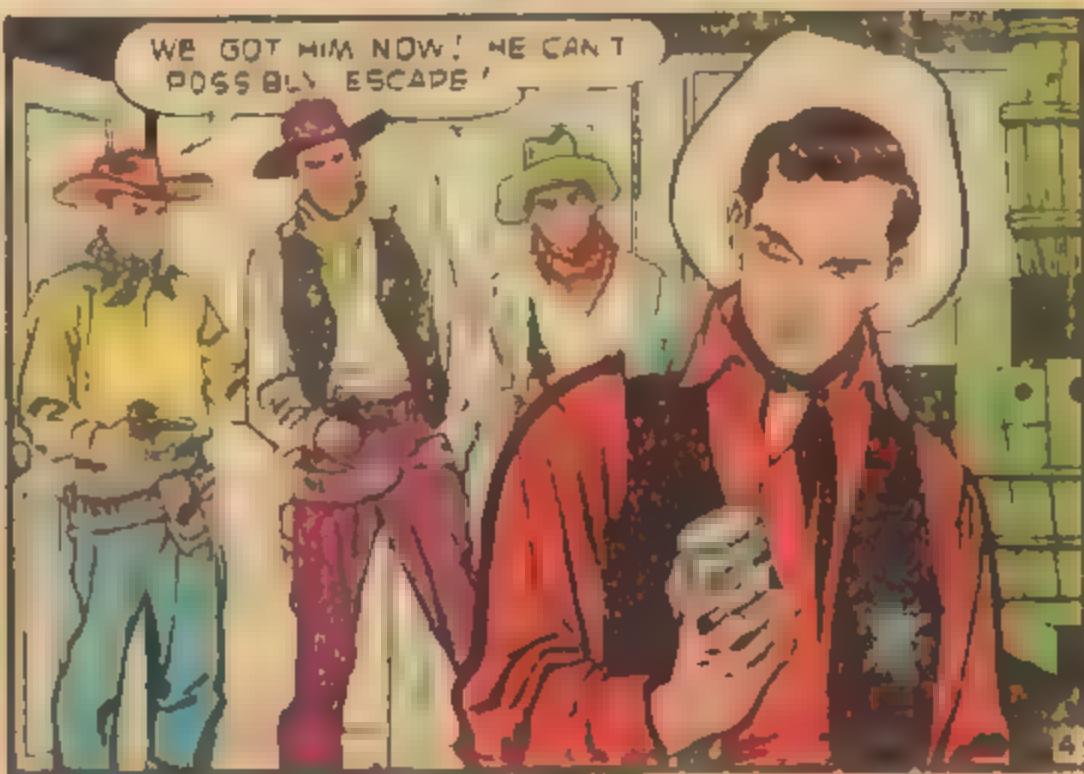


THE NEXT ATTEMPT AT AMBUSHING
TIM IS MADE IN BROAD DAYLIGHT -

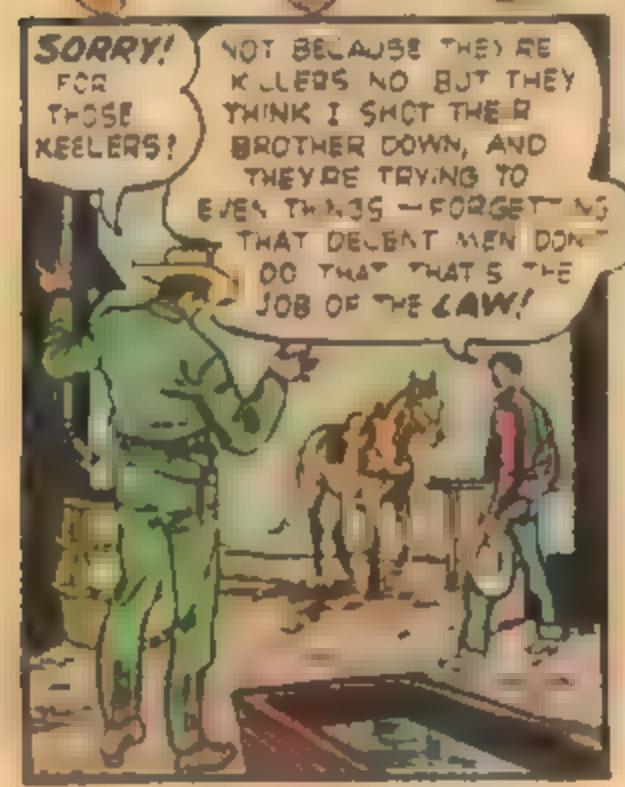
FILL OUT THAT JUST, ED
THE BOYS AT THE RANCH
SURE EAT PLENTY!



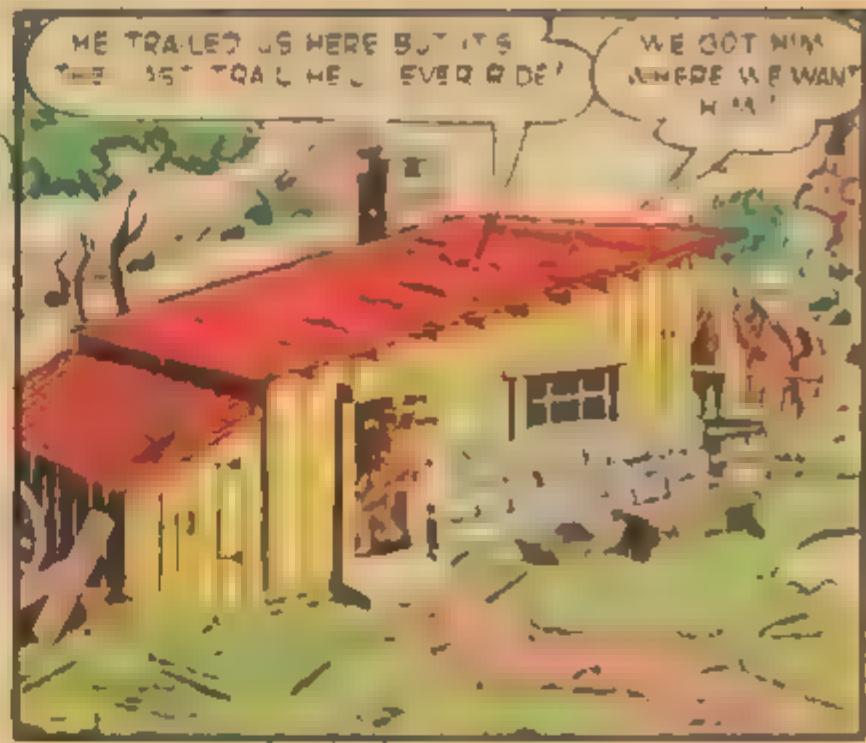
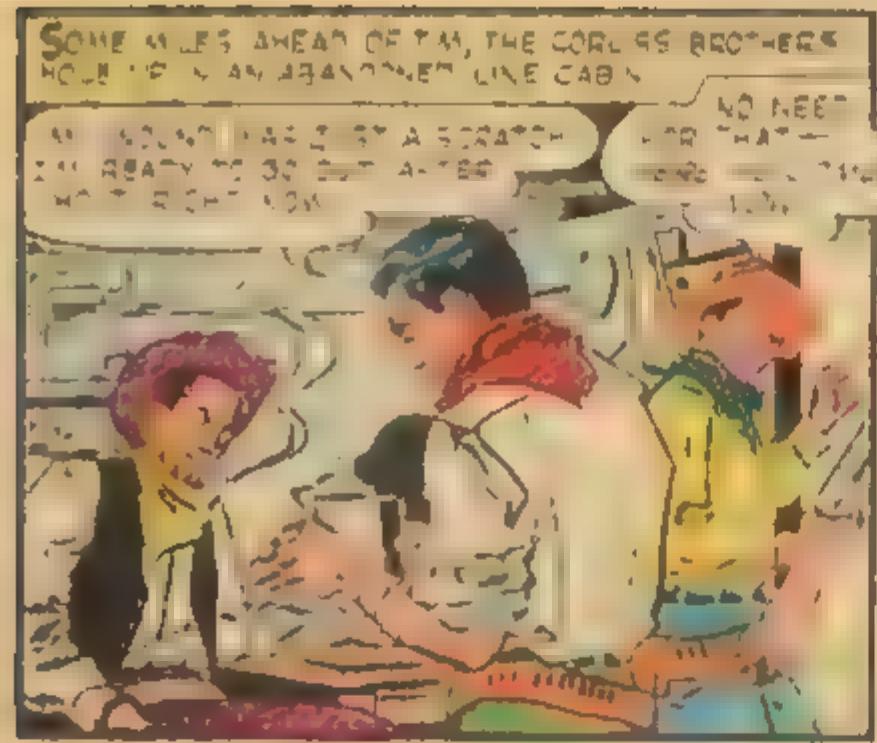
WE GOT HIM NOW! HE CAN'T
POSSIBLY ESCAPE!



TIM HOLT



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THE GHOST RIDER

DICK
AYERS



FEAR TAKES AT THE VITALS OF MEN AS THE WORD SPREADS THAT THE GHOST RIDER IS ON THE RAMPAGE AND HAS TURNED HIS BACK ON JUSTICE! CLUTCHING THE LUMIN WITH TREMBLING FINGERS, THE SHERIFF AND HIS HOUSE LIE IN WAIT FOR THE ONE-TIME FIGHTER OF CRIME IN TERROR OF THEY BUT AND SET—"A TRAP FOR THE GHOST RIDER!"



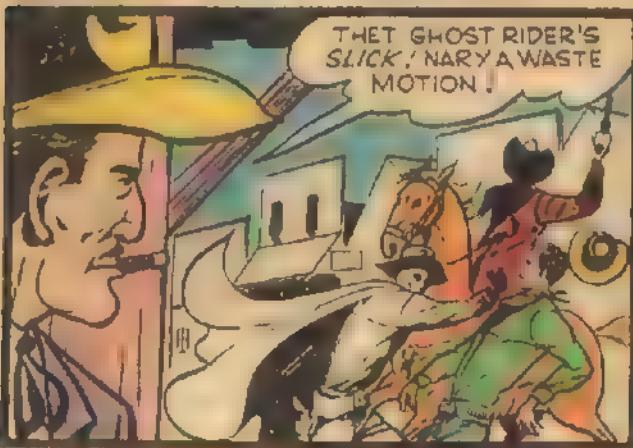
IT IS NEARLY DAWN AND THE TOWN SEEMS TO SLEMBER EXCEPT FOR TWO GUINNIES WITH DREAMS OF BIG MONEY —



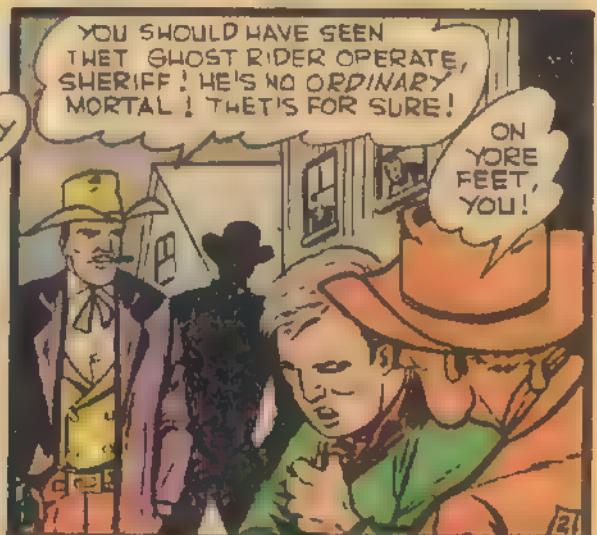
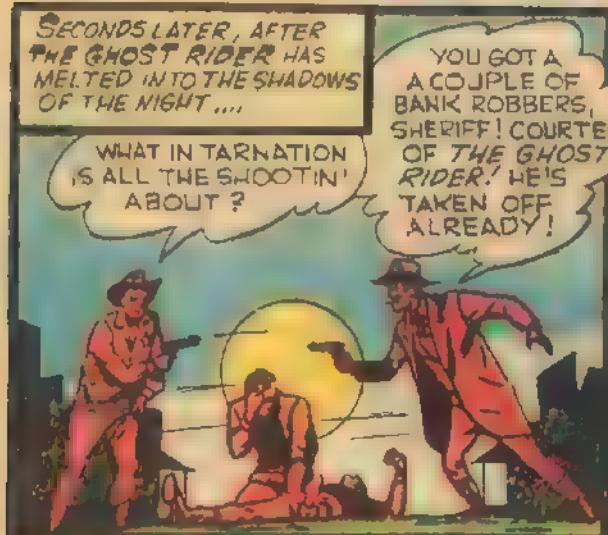
TIM HOLT



ACROSS THE STREET FROM THE BANK, THE LEAN, LACONIC, HARD-BITTEN GAMBLER, DUECE FALGAR, WATCHES THE GHOST RIDER OPERATE ...



SECONDS LATER, AFTER
THE GHOST RIDER HAS
MELTED INTO THE SHADOWS
OF THE NIGHT

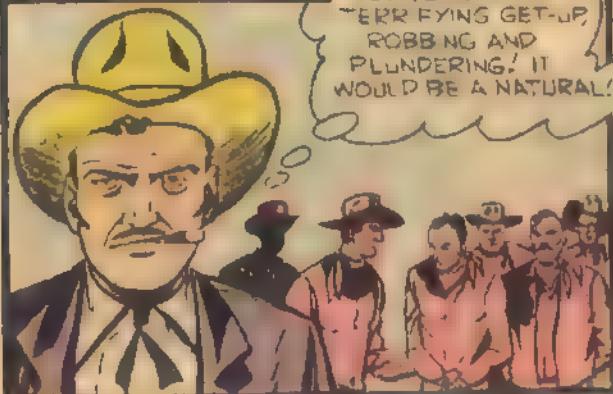


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HIS EYES NARROWING THOUGHTFULLY, ENVIOUSLY AND AVARICIOUSLY, VELICE FALGAR MOVES OFF...

IF HE WUZ AN ORDINARY MORTAL, THE GHOST RIDER COULD MAKE A FORTUNE IN HIS TERRIFYING GET-UP, ROBBING AND PLUNDERING! IT WOULD BE A NATURAL!

AND WHY NOT? WHY SHOULDN'T THE GHOST RIDER GET HIS? IF I WUZ HIM...



A FEW NIGHTS LATER, AT THE TOP OF A CLIFF WALL ABOVE A WINDING DESERT ROAD...

ITTA TIME THS JUST RIGHT.

IHET KCKS IT OFF!

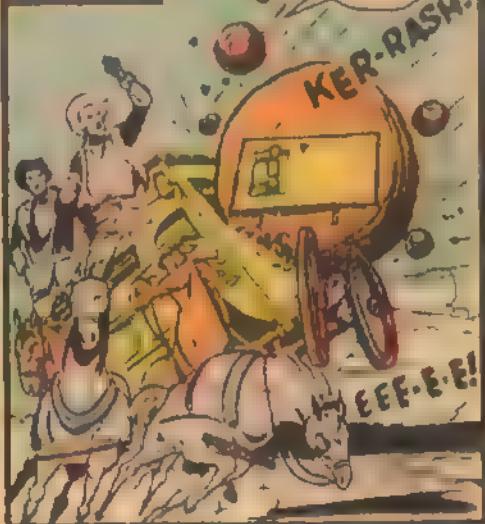


SECONDS LATER...

WHAT IN--?

KER-RASH!

EEF-EF!



OAAHHH...
MY HEAD!
WHAT A BUST
THET WUZ!

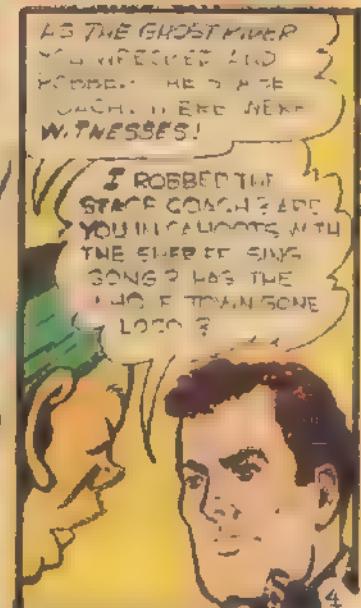
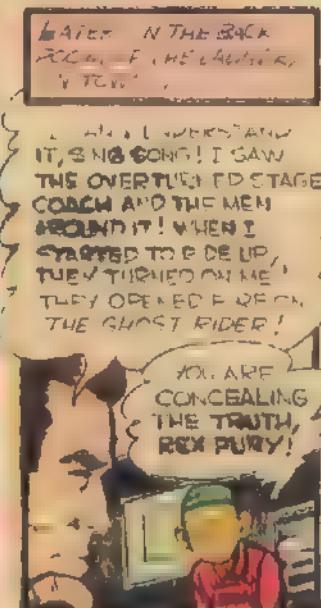
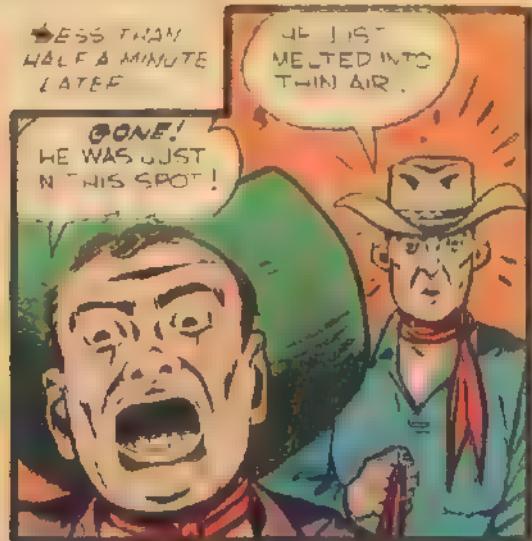


GIT YORE
HANDS UP!
I WANT ALL
THE GOLD
IN THE
COACH!

IT-IT'S
THE GHOST
RIDER! ROBBIN'
THE STAGE
COACH!



TIM HOLT



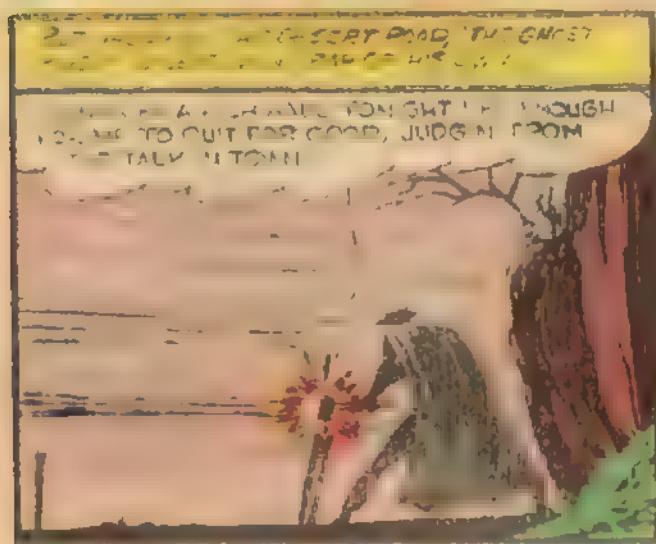
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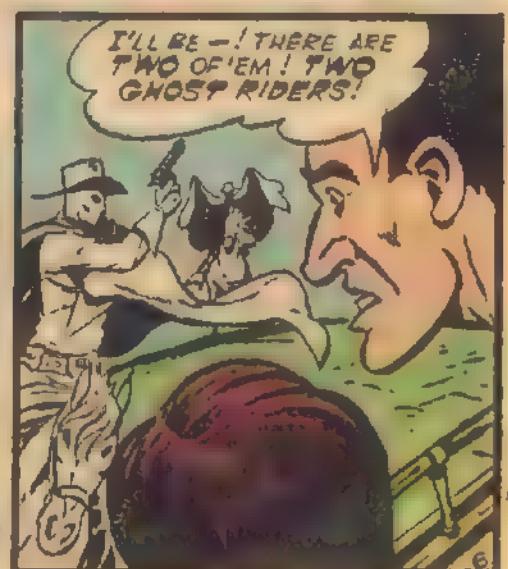
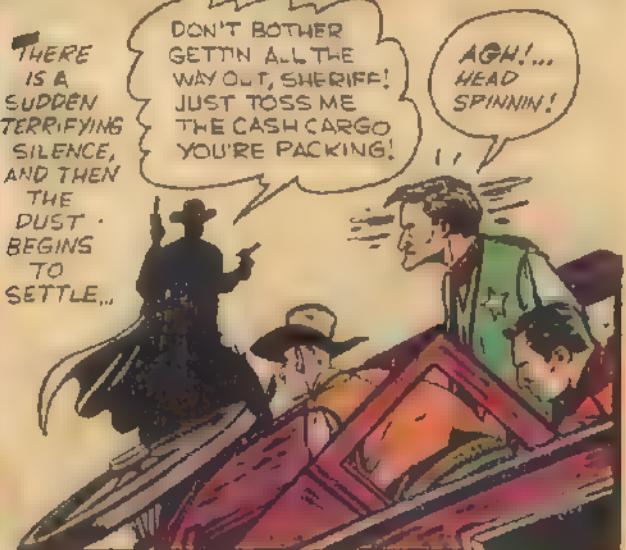
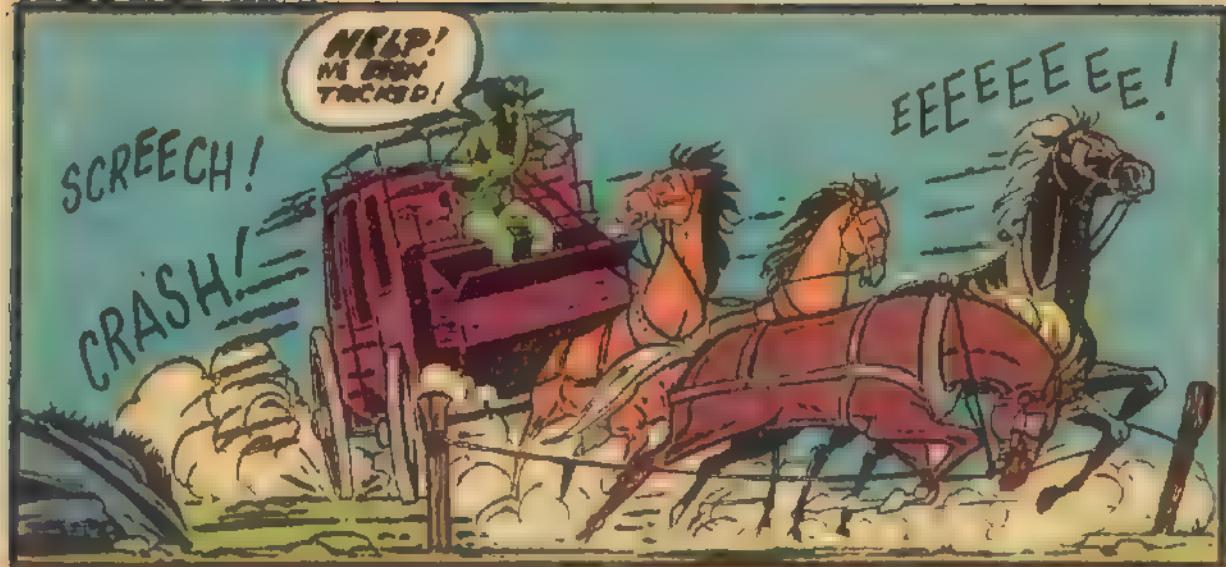
THEN YOU KNOW NOTHING,
TOPS RUDY OR THE CORRERY;
I AM CORRY I DOLRTFL
NOW! BUT—LONESTAR
THE GHOST RIDER, WHATEVER
STAGE COACH OR TRAIN!



A FEW NIGHTS
LATER, THE
GHOST RIDER
ARRIVED

WE'RE GONNA TOTCH DOWN
LUKE, THE GHOST RIDER
COMIN' GET A HOT
PROPOSITION





TIM HOLT

NEAR THE EDGE
OF A SMALL
PLATEAU....

IMPOSTER! JUSTICE WILL
SMASH YOUR TRICKERY!

THIS IS TO
SETTLE A
PERSONAL
SCORE!

AGH!

IF YOU'RE A GHOST, WE'LL
SEE IF YOU CAN DODGE
THIS!

THIS KNIFE-EDGE
S GONNA EXPLAIN
A LOT OF THINGS!

AIEEEEE!

AT THE VERY LAST HE WAS
TRAPPED UP BY THE GHOSTLY
RAMANT HE TRIED TO USE UP.

SECONDS
LATER

DEUCE
FALGAR!
THE
GAMBLER.

HE LOST THIS GAMBLE,
SHERIFF! THERE'S ONLY
ONE GHOST RIDER!

the BULLET



THE KID came to his feet with a shocked cry on his lips as he stared down at the bag that his brother had thrown across the tabletop of their little cabin. The bag had spilled open, and a score of packages lay before his eyes.

"One thousand dollars in each package!" said Clip Hudson, grinning, rubbing a hand across his stubble bearded chin. "Twenty thousand from men, in all. Not bad for a few hours' work, hey, Kid?"

"Clip! You said you were goin' straight! You promised me, when I left that job at the Diamond K spread to ride with you!"

The Kid's hand went out and caught the leather bag and heaved it against the clay chinked cabin wall. His face was white with the fury of betrayal that rolled inside him. He pressed his hands down flat on the tabletop, and tried to stop shaking.

His brother laughed. "Why Kid? I didn't know you cared. I'll go straight. We'll take this twenty thousand and hit over the Sierras and into California. How's that sound to you?"

The Kid was bitter. "It sounds good—if that money was ours, and if I didn't know that when it runs out, you'll steal more money like it, from some bank or stagecoach in California!"

"Clip, you promised Maw! Promised her when she lay dyin'! I heard you make that promise, Clip!"

In his anger, the Kid flung away from the table and to the bunk where his bullet-mold and a score of empty brass shells lay scattered. He stared down at them, not seeing them seeing only his mother's face wrinkled and prematurely old in his mind's eye. Clip was her oldest boy, the wild one. It had been Clip who'd robbed a stagecoach when he was fifteen, and had gone on the dodge, into the

Sierra hills. It was Clip who came by night and went by night, in the little valley where the Hudsons made their home.

In bitter shame, Mrs Hudson had sold her ranch to pay for Clip's robbery, restoring every penny of it to the stagecoach company. The action made her a pauper. She took in washing and went out to clean house. The Kid had been only a button, then he remembered the long nights in bed when his stomach had ached with the hunger in it; when he had gone two, three days without eating anything more than a crust of bread and a glass of milk.

The Kid's eyes were haunted above his tanned cheeks as he whirled from the bunk, and the shells and bullet-mold scattered across the rumpled blanket.

"I've starved for you, Clip! I've had the bellyache because Maw couldn't make enough money to feed me, when I was a baby!"

Clip flinched. He waved a hand at the money spread out on the table. "There's more money there'n you'll see in a month of Nevada Sundays, Kid. Take a handful of 'em. Have yourself a time when we cross the Pass!"

"Keep your stinking, dirty money. I won't touch it!"

Clip Hudson moved like a stalking cat. His big hand went out and fastened in the Kid's faded blue shirt, tipping it across a thin shoulder. The power of his muscles pulled the Kid off his feet, and sent him flying, face first, into a tableleg. The Kid crumpled, and lay still.

Legs apart, Clip Hudson stared at his young brother. His face was flushed with the fury and the passion in him. He reported. "You'll change your tune, mister high an' mighty! I ride the long trail, and I'm goin'

TIM HOLT

to see you do, too! You're pretty slick with a gun, if you got the guts to use it. I could use an hombre sidin' me in a fight with a gun! I ke' yores'!

"Now get on you, brother, it's time to blast yuh!"

His big hand went down. I said to the Kid eas y and shook him. "Get over to that
ballet-mold, and busy you self! Keep yere
fingers workin' Let me handle the thinkin'
end of this partnership

The Kid's face was bruised where he had struck the tableleg. Pain danced in his skull and along a shoulder, but he could say, "I'm no partner of yours. Clip Halston from now on. I'm not your brother! You're too good, and—"

Clip hit the K d with the back of his hand and knocked him into the bank. The bullet-mold went one way and the soft mouth

"Pick 'em up!" bawled I. "I'll be back shortly. Get to work, pronto! I'm gonna roll an' water down the broncos. When I get back, we'll eat!"

The KID straightened himself, knelt and picked up the scattered shells. The door slammed behind his brother, and when he was alone the KID sat and whispered *He'll be me killed, one way or another be thou* 't. *If I don't find a way to break clean with him he'll see me killed—or kill me himself'*

The **Old** worked there in the light of the kerosene lamps, ramming in the powder, pouring the molten lead setting to shells.

He had worked for La fan Yu when he heard the shot and the yell, and as he rose to his feet the door opened and out with a bleeding face fell into the room.

Clip Hudson can't wait to get his hands on the man, holstering a smoking Colt. His voice was hot, exultant. Caught this rambunctious' account outside. He's a mean Kid. A

He panted forward and hopped at the vest open. A tiny creature with the vest panted at the vest and the vest was something in the house that I had never made the Kid shoulder and it got into the vest.

'A blunderin' fool sheriff! Now how d'yuh suppose he trailed me to the cabin, Kid? I'm pretty smart when it comes to coverin' tracks!'

Clip pealed and drew a sud, more than an
hour and slowly a look at the Kid. The boy
laughed. His laugh a few of us, including
Goli and the Kid. Look when he recognized
the girl in it.

Cliff goes to his fence and went to the wooden peg where the Kid's Coat and Hat had been hung. He untied out the coat and took it to the Kid.

"You kill me, and I'll bring the bullet in him that'll take him off in the 'I' I can't see, and I'll get us through the Pass and into

California like I been tellin' you with
Twenty thousand dollars to spend

The kid was on his feet. 'Not I won't —
I'll p's and caught it now and slammed
it right on the table. I took two big
chucks of fat bacon and lit it. However was
hard to keep. I got a small whip & my
walking stick! I ant never used it on a human
being yet, but —'

The Kid felt the cool stone shell of a .44 bullet pressed against the back of his hand. You'll have to kill a man for him, or he'll beat you to death! And then he caught the bullet in his hand, and there was something wrong with it, and only the Kid's long experience knew what it was, and how he might use that knowledge.

"All right," the Kid said suddenly. "I'll shoot him for you."

Chip grinned, but n't he led his own Goat
in I held 'so the big batter need the Kid
Sue. Kid. I know you will. Go on - part
BEE'

The Kid pushed the trichmade bullet into the cylinder, and closed it with a snap. On trembling legs he went and stood over the drift. The lawman opened his eyes. He tried to say something when the Kid pulled the trigger.

Clipper shot out from the gun room. Kid's shaking hand. He took it the red-tail spreading on the chart. "Che." He laughed. "Nice shot, K. Now, go back to takin' more o' them bullets. We'll light out it here and be into the pass by nite."

How long the Kid worked, the King it he
would never know. It was at least several
minutes, as Chip stood listlessly in his chair
at the sheriff's office on the floor. There
was a gun in his hand, and it was aimed at
the looting Chip.

Then they had a walk in the woods, and the children were very happy. They went down a golden path.

When the sheriff asked him to be done
in the Kid case. When I was making the
bullet, my hand was shaking so bad I
needed a lot of powder. I was an old timer
then. I took a bullet the last time I ever
thought you live to die. I took it to the
end of the barrel so it only made a mil-
dred and maybe I took the end out of you
but not all."

THE END

TIM HOLT

TOM HOLT

WITH TIM
AS REDMASK!

YOUNG EB CONOTON
IS NO GUNTHROWER,
BUT WHEN LUTE PHIPPS
OF THE TRIANGLE BAR
TAUNTS HIM INTO A
FIGHT EB FINDS HIM-
SELF FACING A HIRED
TEXAS GUNMAN! HE
HAS NO CHANCE AT
ALL. HE IS A DEAD
MAN—FOR EVEN
REDMASK
CAN DO NOTHING
AGAINST THE—

**'GUNS
OF THE
KILLER'**



IT ALL BEGAN ON A SPRING MORNING, IN FRONT OF
HENDERSON'S ALUMINERY SHOP IN BULLET

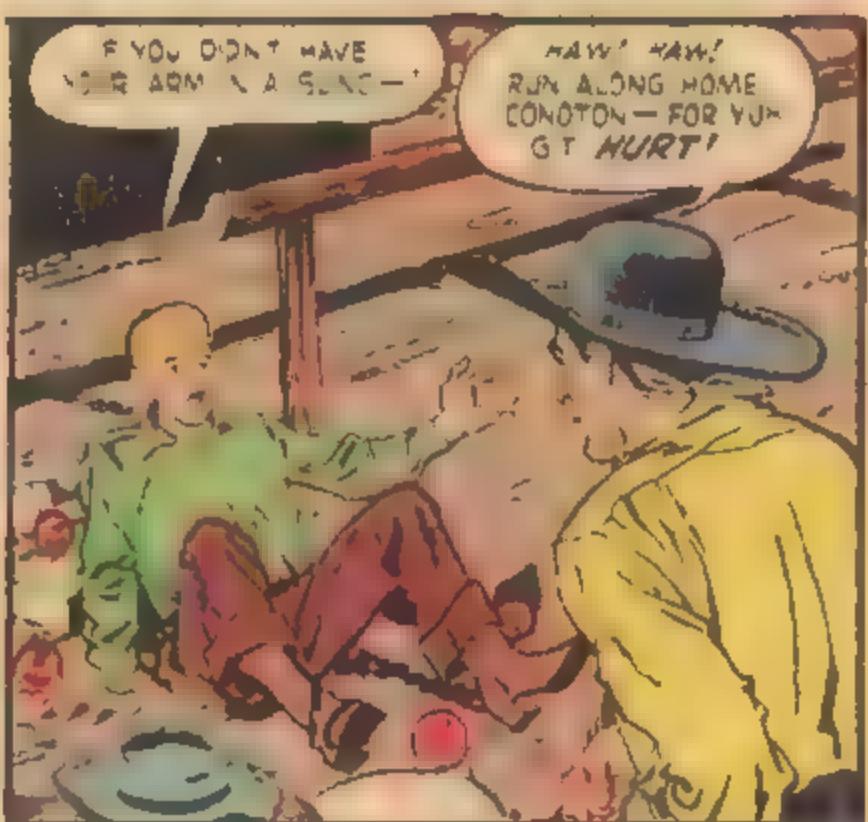
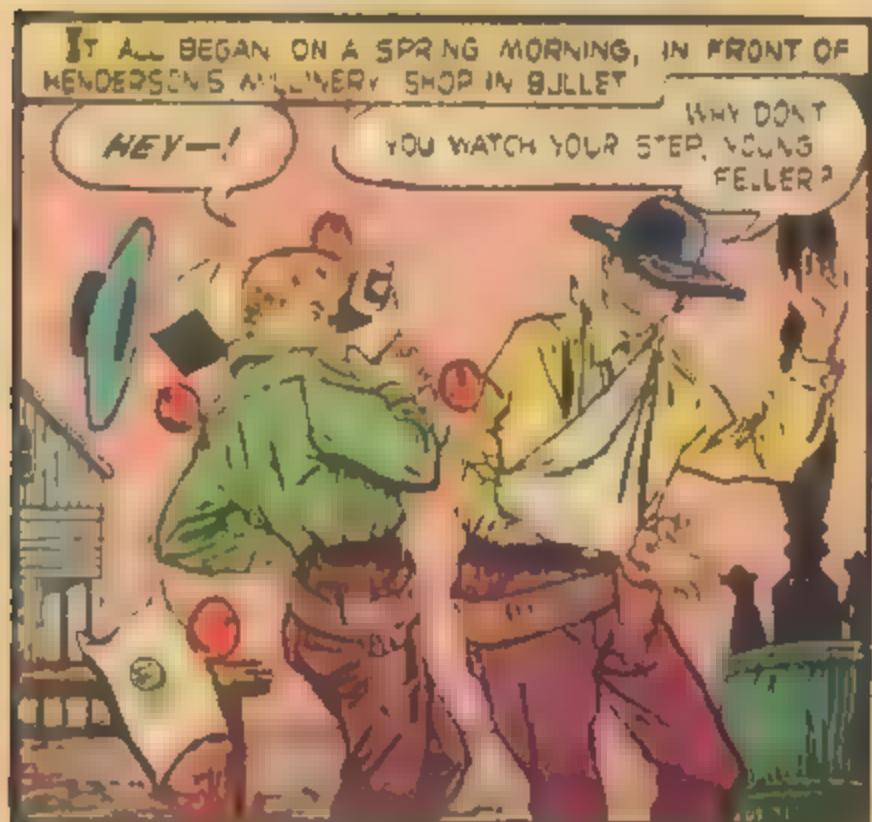
HEY—!

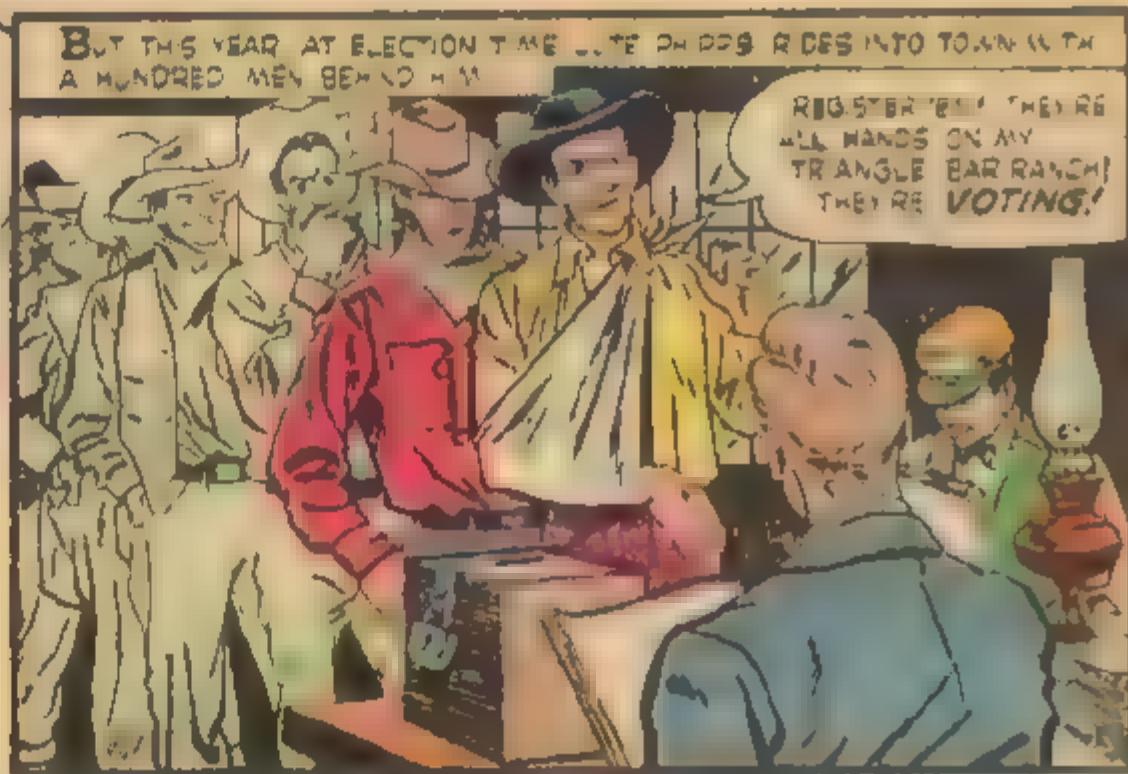
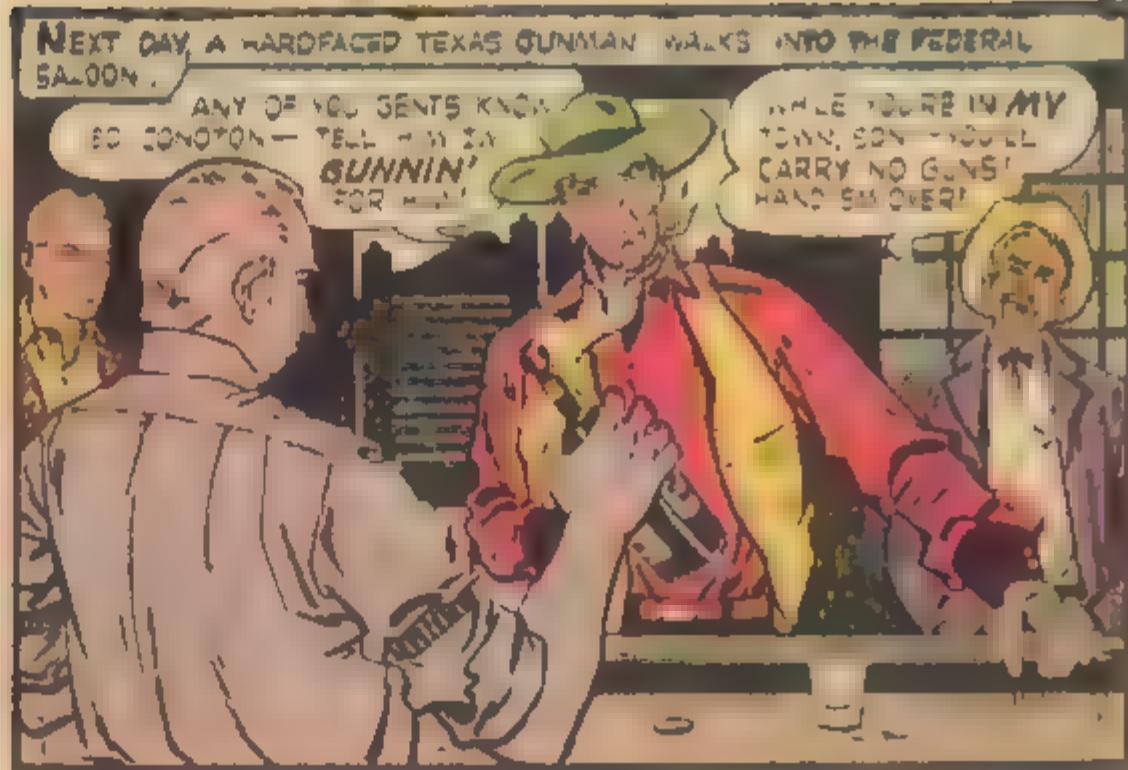
YOU WATCH YOUR STEP, YOUNG
FELLER?

WHY DON'T
YOU HAVE
YOUR ARM IN A SLICE?

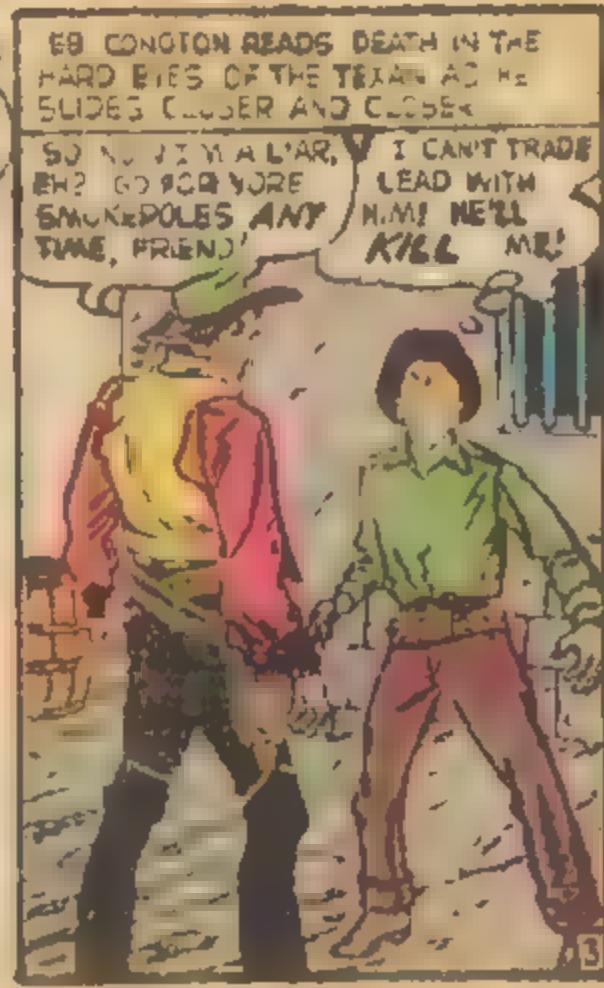
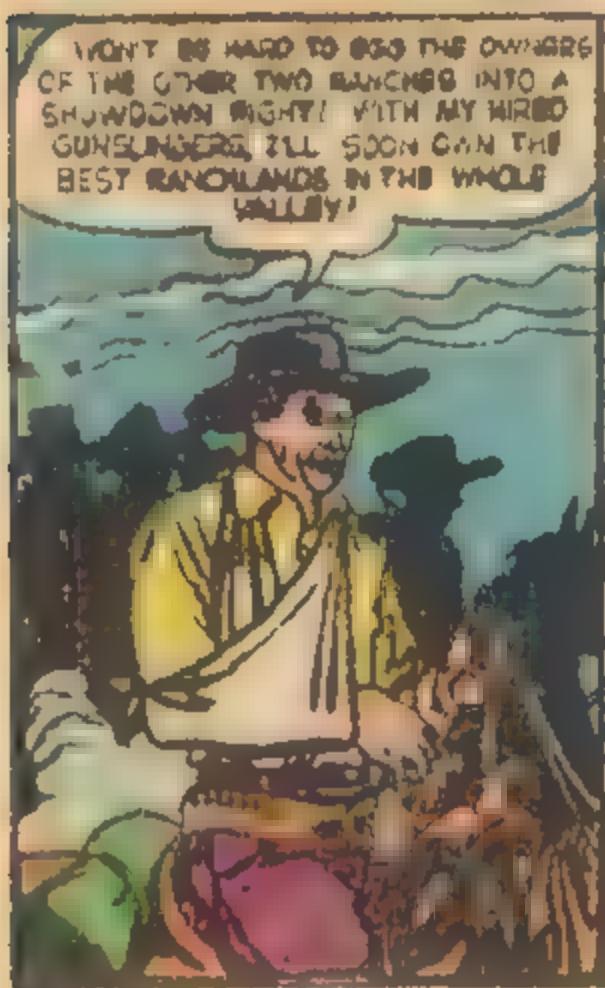
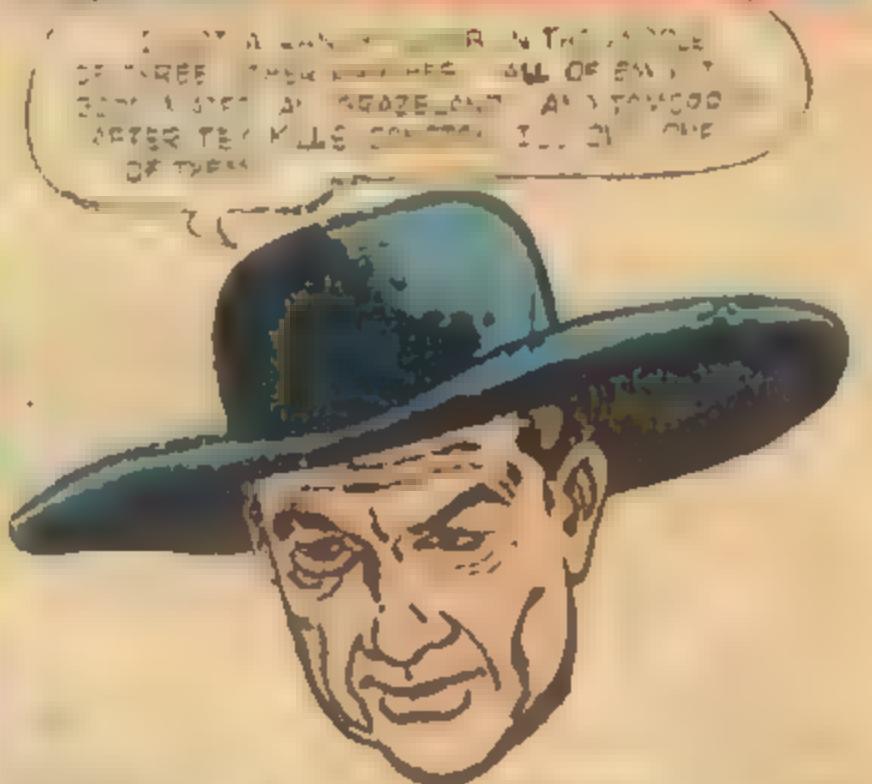
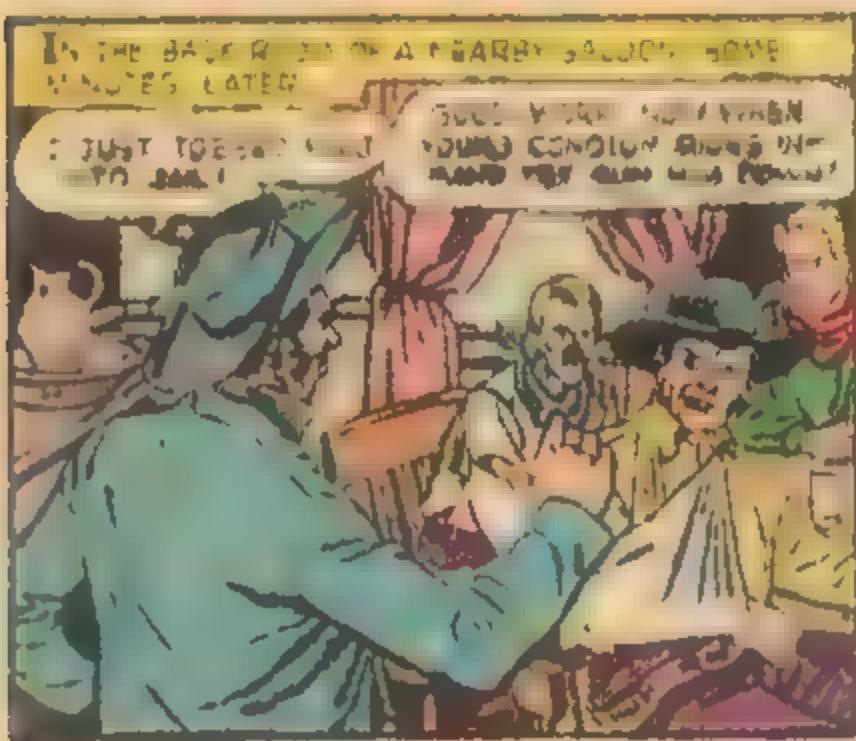
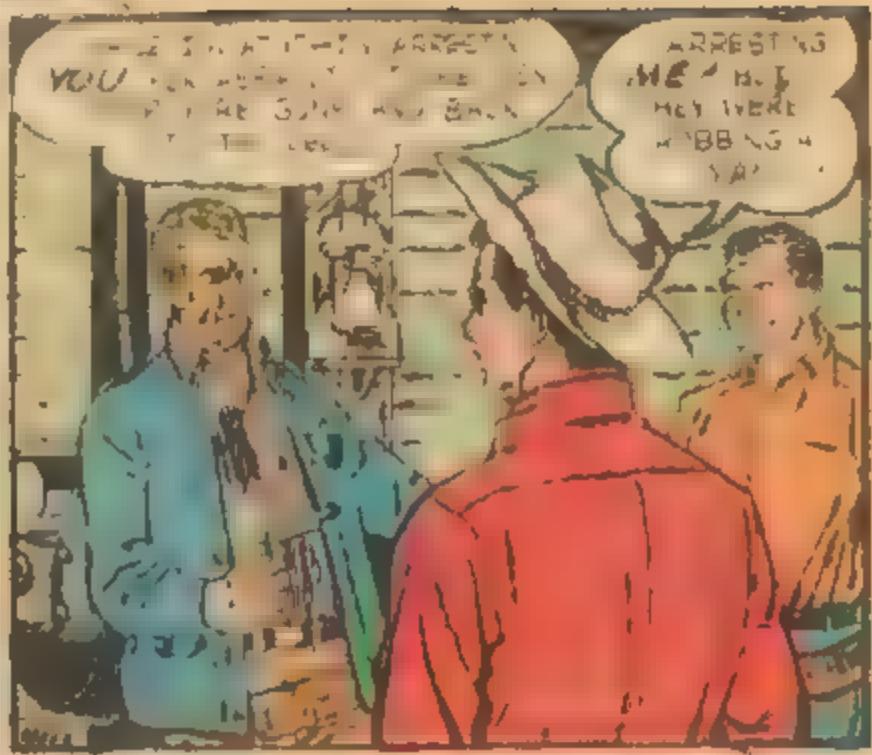
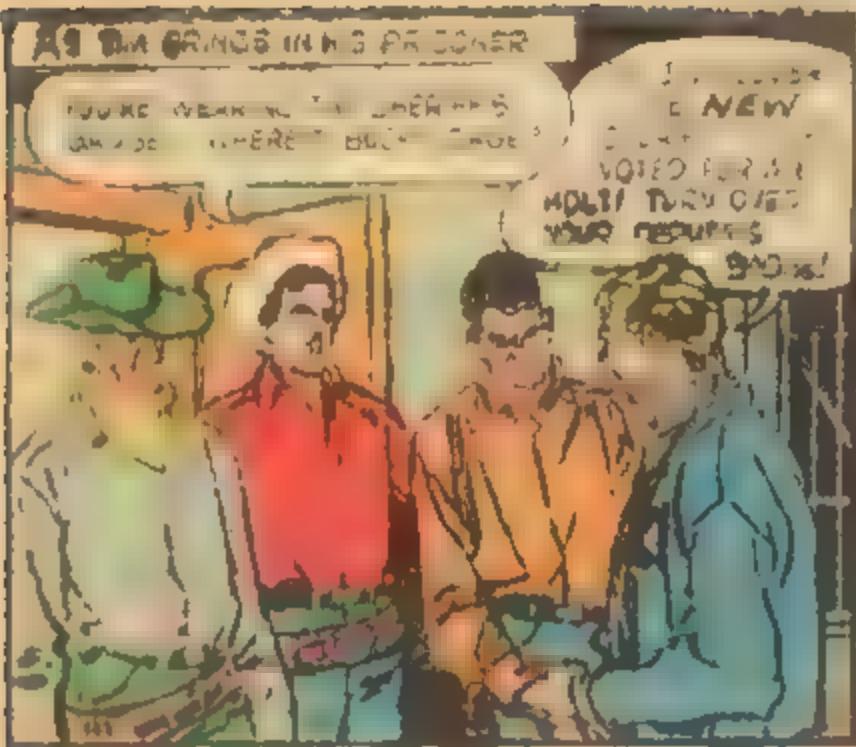
IF YOU DIDN'T HAVE
YOUR ARM IN A SLICE—

HAW! HAW!
RUN ALONG HOME
CONOTON—FOR YUN
GT HURT!

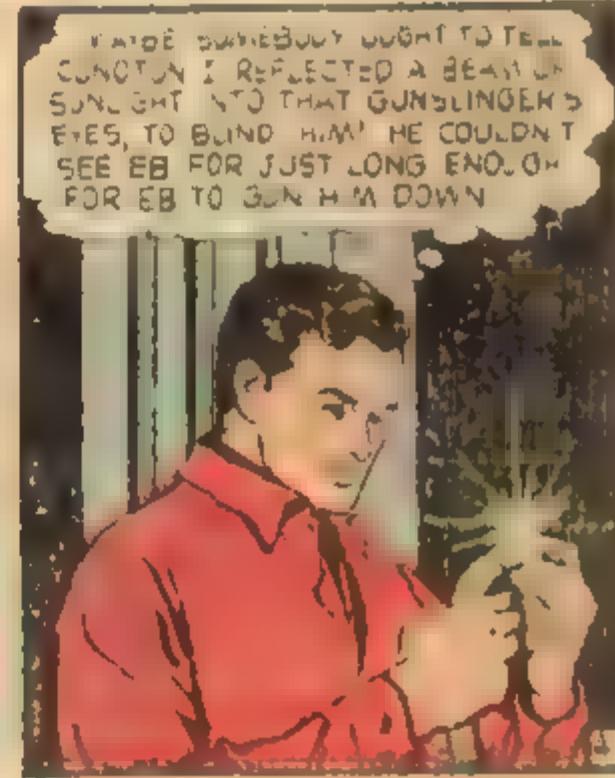
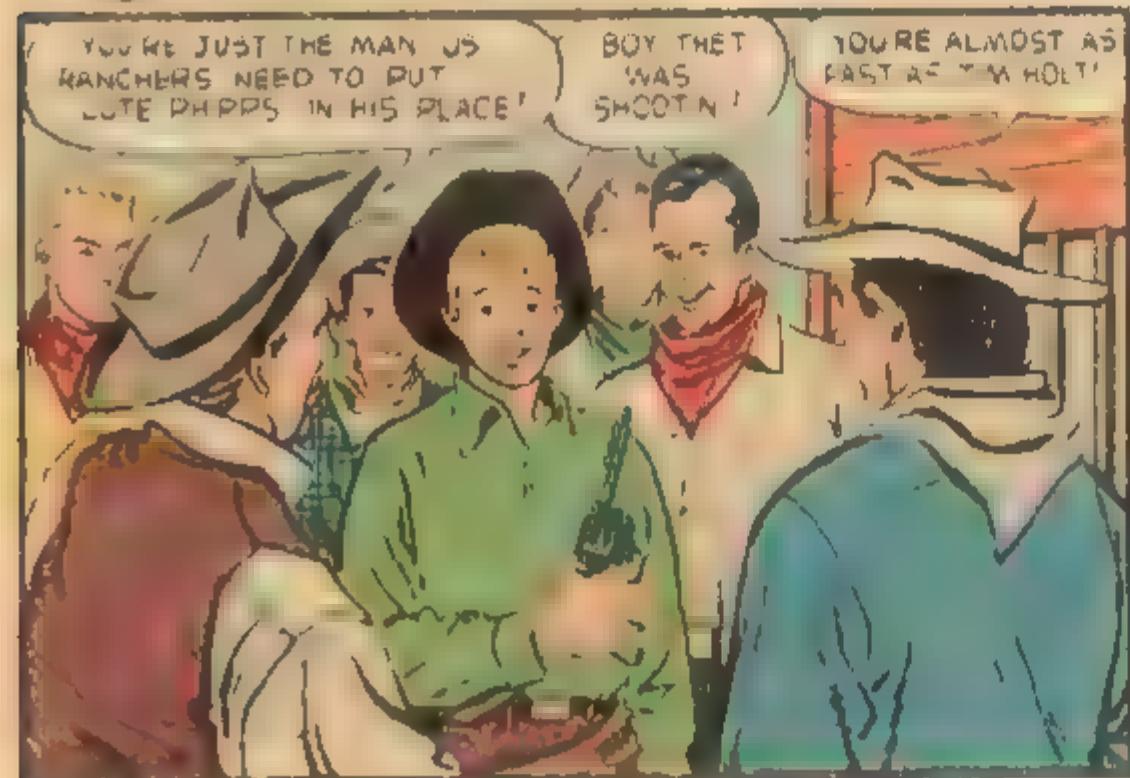




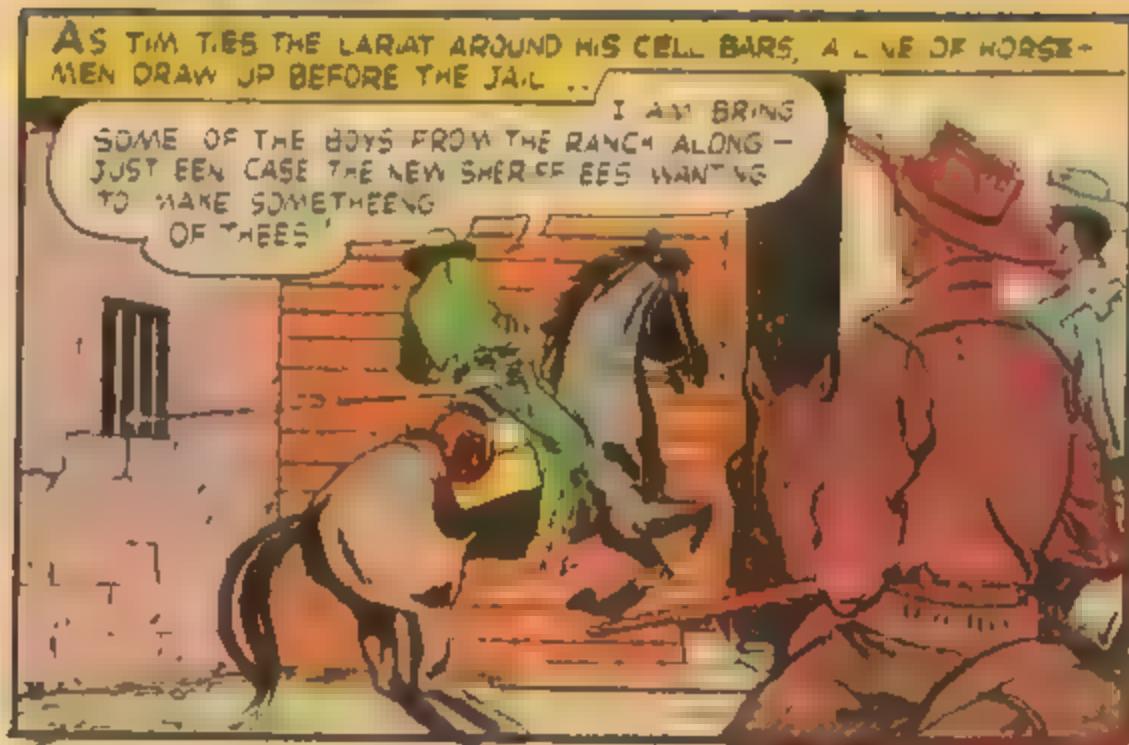
THE MOLT



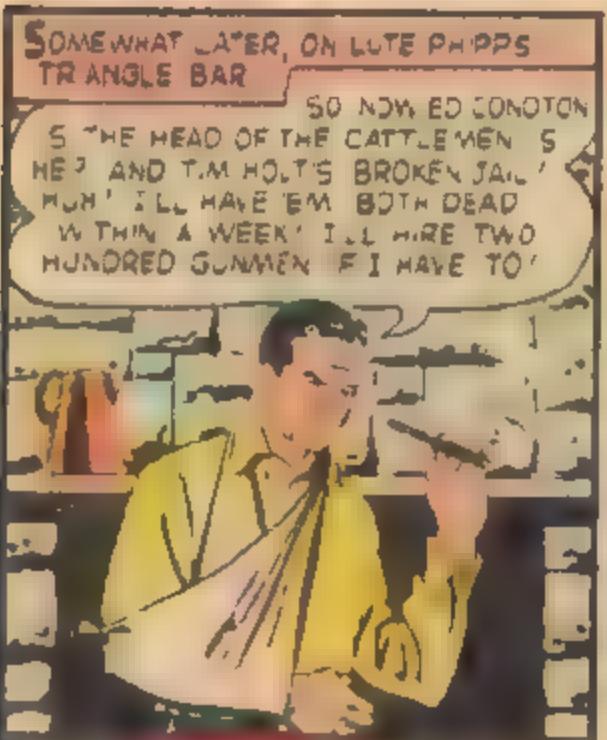
TIM HOLT



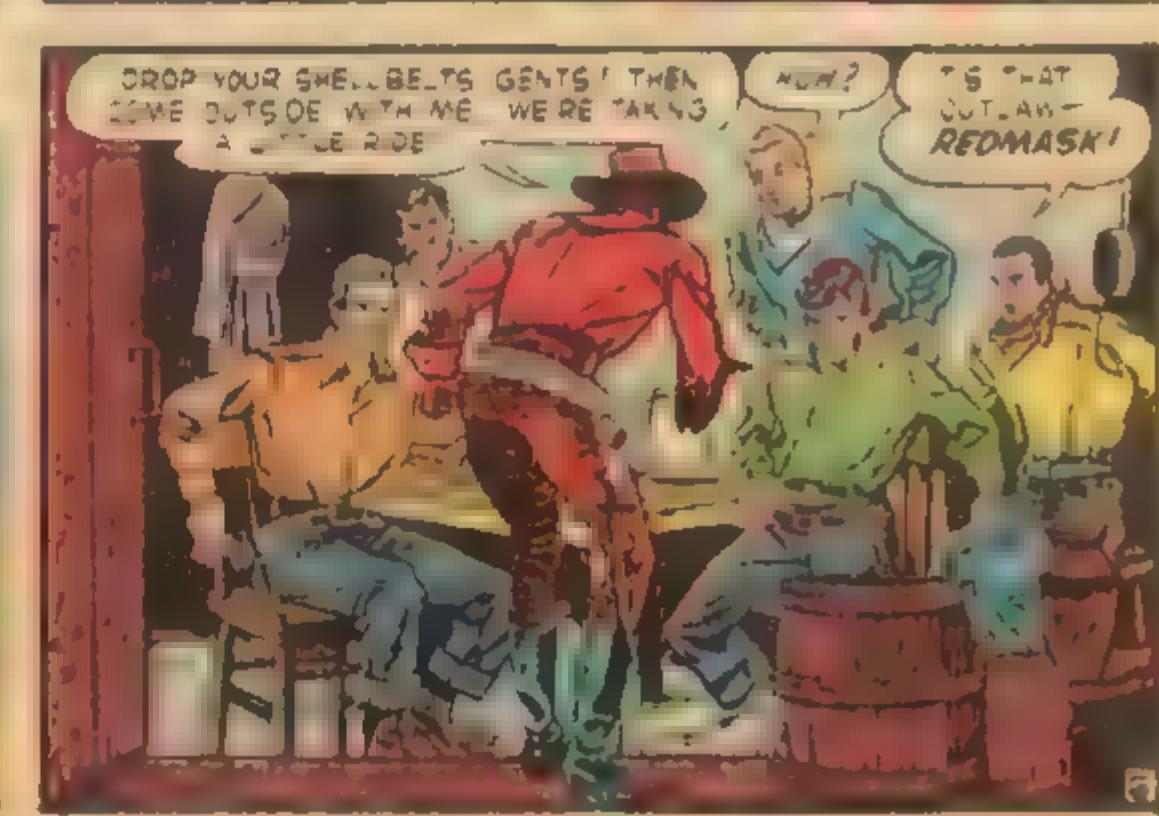
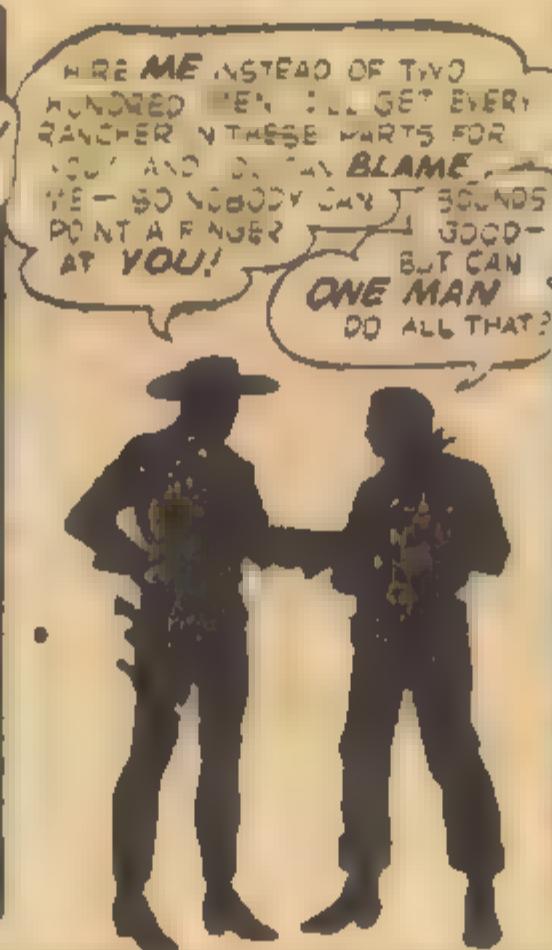
TIM HOLT



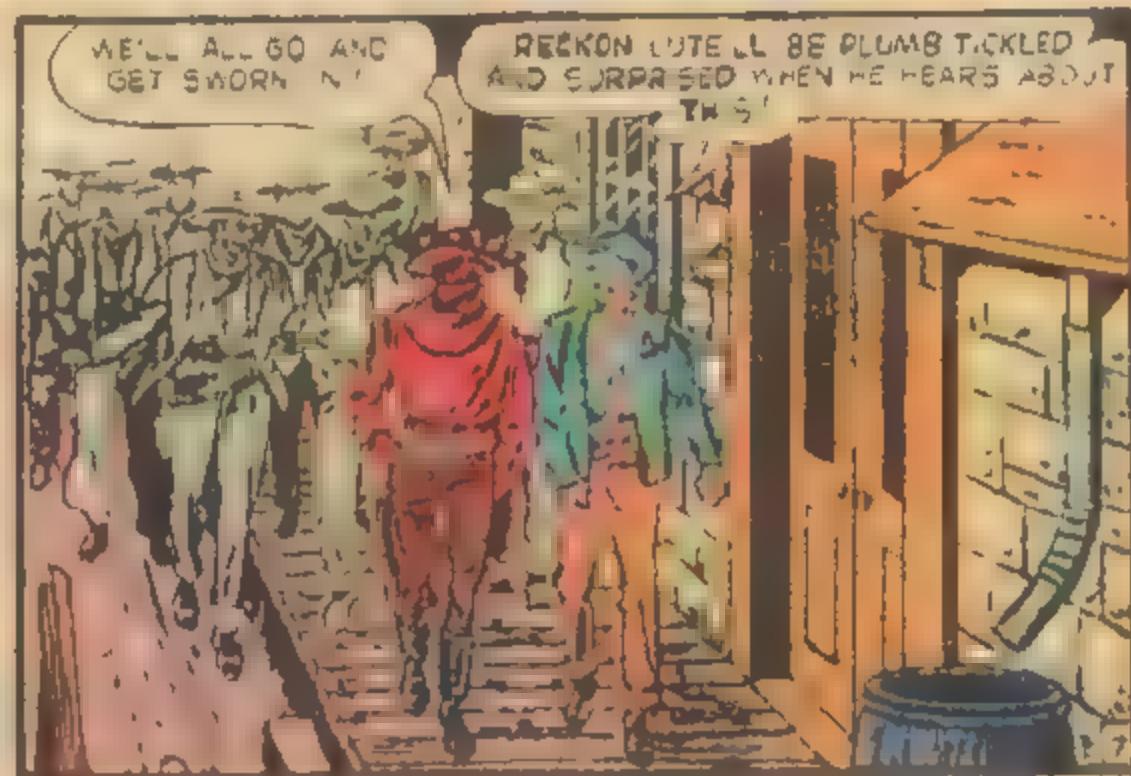
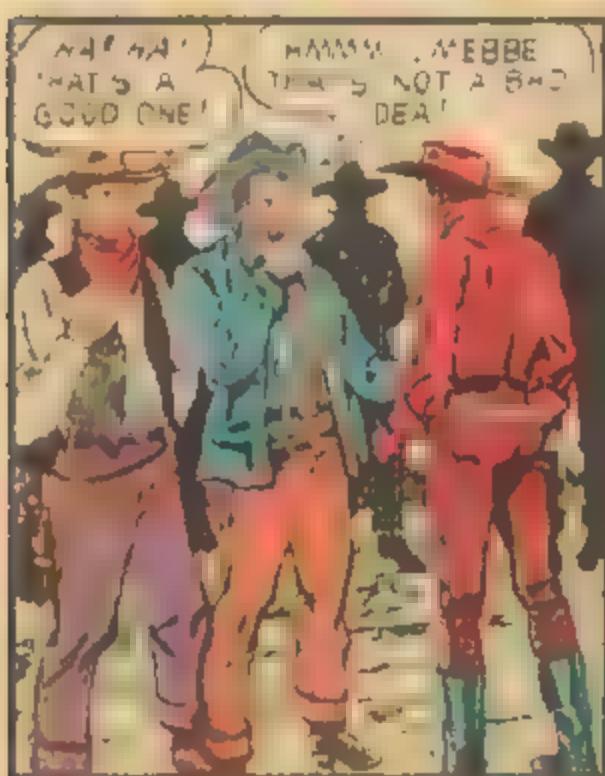
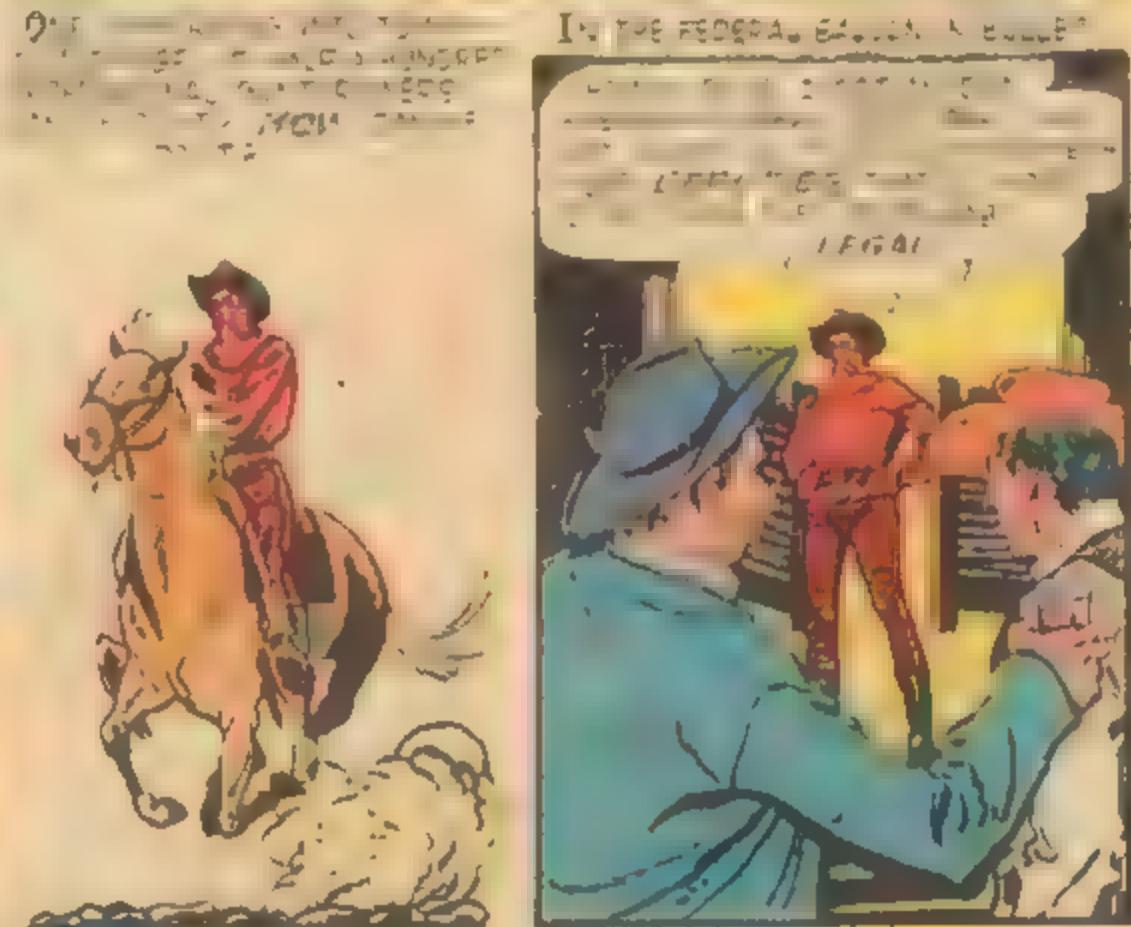
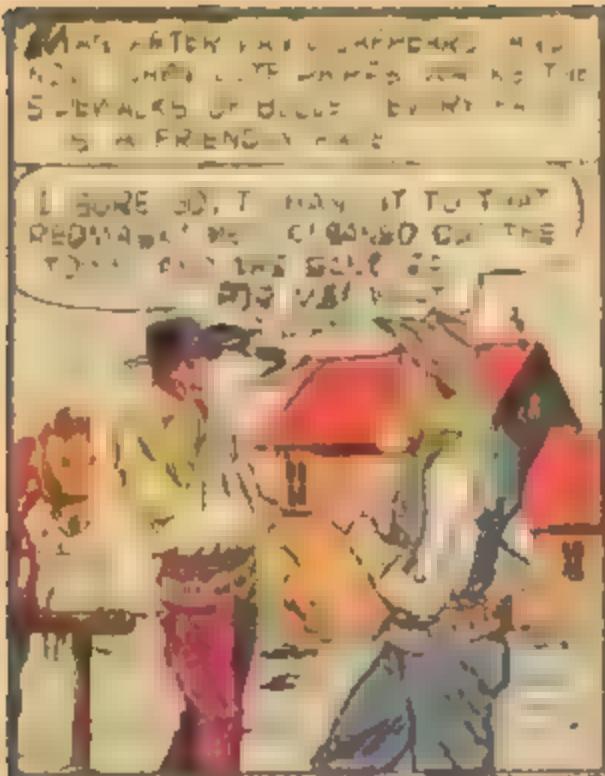
A VIOLENT SHOWER OF ROCKS THE CELL BARS EXPLODE FROM THE WINDOW



TIM HOLT



卷之三



TIM HOOT

BUT ONCE INSIDE THE JAIL, AND AS SHERIFF TEDDER ADMINISTERS THE OATH TO HIS "DEPUTIES"—REDMASK FLASHES HIS GUNS!

YOU BOYS FELL FOR MY LITTLE TRAP! NOW BACK UP, ALL OF YOU—INTO THOSE JAIL CELLS!

HUH? HEY—WHAT IS THIS?

IN THE HILLS, THE RANCHERS SEE REDMASK'S SIGNALS...

HE DID IT, SOMEHOW! HE GOT RID OF PLENTY OF PHIPPS' HIRED GUNTHROWERS!



LATER THAT SAME DAY, WHEN LUTE PHIPPS BRINGS HIS RANCH HANDS INTO TOWN...

PHIPPS—YOU AND YOUR BOYS ARE UNDER ARREST!

SHERIFF GAGE! WHERE'S TEDDER? WHERE'S MY MEN?



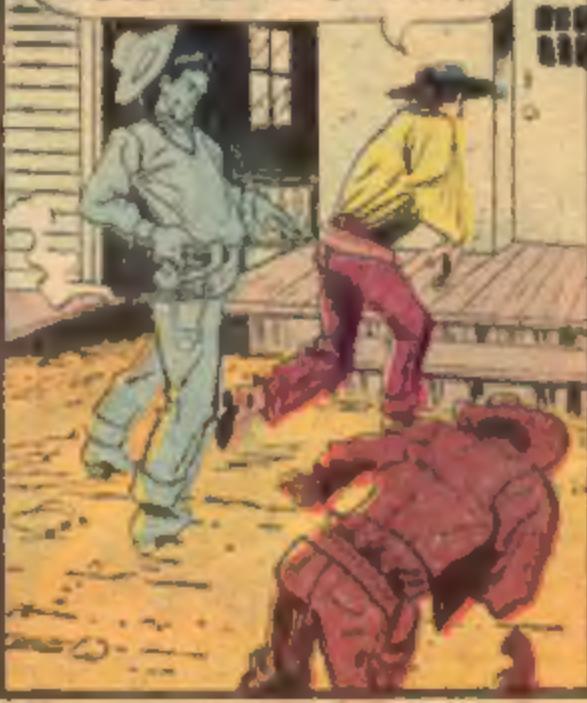
THEY'RE WHERE YOU ARE GOING, PHIPPS—TO JAIL!

IT'S A TRICK! WE GOT TO SHOOT OUR WAY OUT OF THIS!



AS LUTE PHIPPS LEADS HIS KILLERS TOWARD THE JAIL, THEY RUN INTO A SOLID RAIN OF LEAD...

IF WE CAN GET TO THE JAIL, WE'LL FREE THE OTHERS...



YOU GOT ME—IN THE LEG...! YOUR MEN ARE HIGH-TAILING IT, PHIPPS! YOU'VE MADE YOUR TRY AND FAILED!

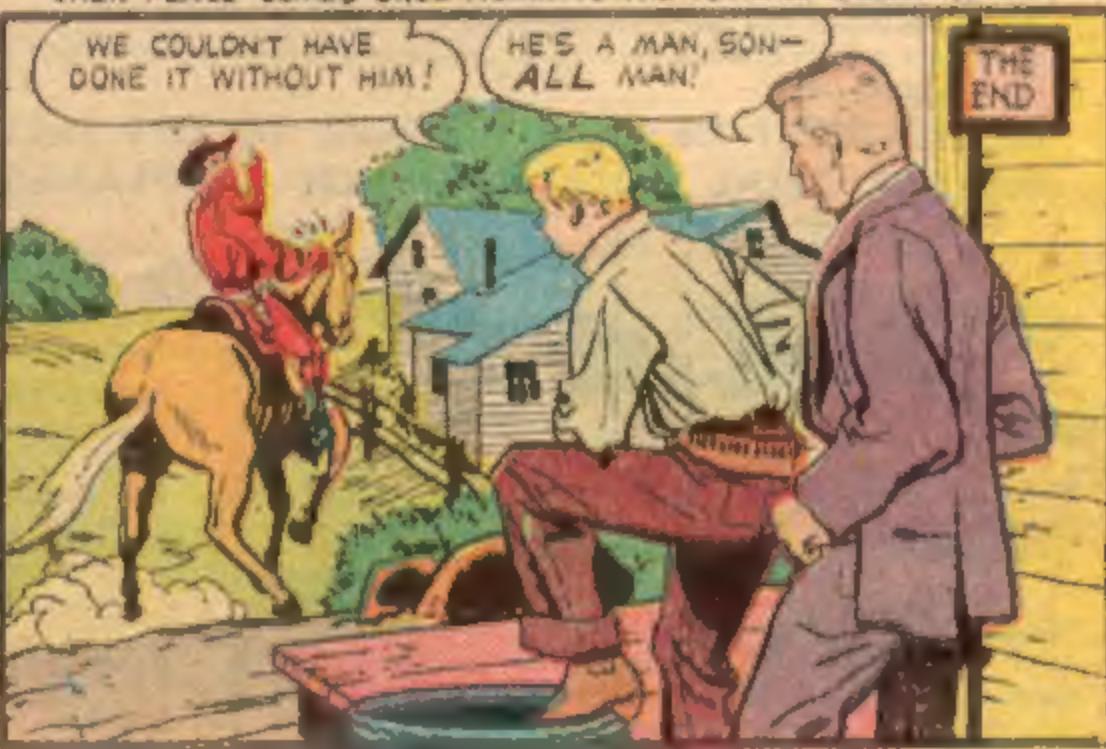


THEN PEACE COMES ONCE AGAIN TO THE TOWN OF BULLET...

WE COULDN'T HAVE DONE IT WITHOUT HIM!

HE'S A MAN, SON—
ALL MAN!

THE END





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WILD WEST ASSORTMENT
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Fun for all. Contains 40 plastic assorted western pieces. Cowboys, Indians, Horses all in action poses and a wonderful assortment of western charms. Attractive colors. A terrific collection full of action. Ideal for kids to play with indoors, outdoors and while traveling. Sure to make a hit with everyone. C'mon you straight shooters, this is your chance of a lifetime to "ROUND-UP" this sensational offer.

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ROBBIE ROTTEN

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the Doll whose HAIR
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